

# COUNTRY LIFE

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H. WALTER BARNETT.

MISS EVELYN FRANCES BUTLER.

Hyde Park Corner.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE

SO much interest was excited a little while ago by the visit of the renowned pathologist Elie Metchnikoff to this country, that no apology is needed for directing attention to the book which contains some of his philosophy. The discovery of the phagocytes constitutes his claim to a place among the greatest biologists, but its application to the preservation of life, so that the individual may attain to a "physiological age and a normal death," has, perhaps, a more direct interest for the general public. The old-fashioned reader will find in M. Metchnikoff much that is startling and almost alarming. He has been accustomed, we may assume, to books in which every object is represented as illustrating the wisdom with which the earth was schemed out, so that everything in it had its due place, and a special fitness for that place. But admiration only represents the first stage of human criticism. The latest of the philosophers looks at Nature and finds as much to find fault with as to praise. That humanity is of Simian origin he deems to be a statement now beyond the bounds of controversy. Man, in a word, has inherited his nature from the monkey, and all that he has received is not good. Instead of being fitted to his environment by a skilled and perhaps divine operative, M. Metchnikoff finds that there are many disharmonies in the physical constitution of man. The first men were probably ingenious children born of anthropoid parents. They had more brain than their ancestors, and therefore were able to modify to an extraordinary degree their mode of life. But Nature was so slow to adapt them to the new conditions that she has not yet finished the process. A distinguished German anatomist, Wiedersheim, in describing the organs of men, has named fifteen, which show in the human species a considerable advance on anthropoid apes. The chief of these are the lower limbs, adapted to the erect carriage of the body, the strengthening of the pelvis and the sacrum, the curvature of the lumbar part of the vertebral column, the development of the buttocks and the calves, the nose, the occipital lobe of the brain, and so forth. But, in addition to these, he reckoned seventeen decaying organs still able to fulfil their physiological function in a more or less complete manner, and not less than one hundred and seven

rudimentary organs which served no useful physiological purpose. Among them are the vestige of a tail, the thirteenth pair of ribs in the adult, the muscles of the ear, and the vermiform appendage. "These organs," says M. Metchnikoff, "useless at present, are the vestiges of similar, but more developed, organs, which fulfilled a useful function in our ancestors." They supply the main theme of his dissertation.

The first item in this bad legacy he finds to be the hair that covers part of the body and tends to spread over it in old age. His point is that we can protect ourselves from the weather with perfect efficiency, so that we have no need for the legacy of hair in whose follicles microbes harbour, and that serves no useful purpose at all. His second point is that the teeth of man have by no means been adapted to his new necessities. And the third is the appendage, which, we are told, has been preserved long after the disappearance of its proper function. It can be removed without any disturbance of health, while as long as it is allowed to remain it is potentially a cause of serious illness. The alimentary canal comes in for even more severe criticism. He regards the large intestine "as one of the organs possessed by man and yet harmful to his health and life." It favours the development of malignant tumours, and in many other ways is detrimental to the maintenance of health, chiefly from the fact that it gives pasturage to innumerable myriads of bacteria. We need not follow our author into every one of the objections he raises to the present physical constitution of man, as these will serve as excellent specimens of the whole. It should be added that his fault-finding does not end with anatomy. He finds that the lower animals are endowed with an instinct that enables them to choose the food that is wholesome and reject what is injurious; but children have not this instinct. He says, "As soon as babies begin to walk they lay hold of everything and try to eat it. Bits of paper, lumps of sealing-wax, the mucous matter from the nose, all appear to them to be things to eat." Constant guard has to be kept to prevent them injuring themselves; and when the child develops into a man he still shows traces of this aberration, drugging himself, consuming alcohol, and swallowing as food various other substances that are prejudicial to his health.

M. Metchnikoff goes on to show that the disharmonies of reproduction and self-preservation are equally conspicuous, and the later part of his book is taken up with the consideration of the various remedies that have been proposed. He is a materialist, and asserts in the most uncompromising language that, as far as science can make out, death means the annihilation of man. He will not admit the chance of individual immortality. In regard to this it would be a waste of time to argue. What is of more interest is to follow the development of the writer's ideal and see what he proposes to make of what Schopenhauer called "The Worst of all Possible Worlds." All his zeal, then, and cleverness and knowledge are concentrated on establishing the thesis that our insensate manner of living brings on a premature old age, and that death, even in the case of those we consider very old, is generally premature. He thinks that life might fairly be prolonged to the age of 140 years. From twenty to fifty a man should live for himself and his family, from fifty to a hundred for science and humanity, and after he has passed the century his remaining years and the experience they carry with them should be devoted to the State. It may seem a visionary and impossible object to fight for, but in justice to M. Metchnikoff it should be remembered that he does not think that we in our day and generation can achieve it, but only that we may pave the way for our children and our children's children. In the meantime, the cause can always be advanced by the adoption of a more rational system of living. Perhaps some would consider that this line of thought approaches faddism. For example, he is very much against the consumption of uncooked vegetables, on the ground that they harbour microbes, but many people find the most wholesome food they eat in salads and fruit. We hope that it is not essential to debar these. He is quite sure that in the war which is continually being waged between bacteria and phagocytes, the former are strengthened by alcohol and the latter weakened, so that we are afraid if his plan of living is to be carried out tobacco and stimulants generally must be abjured. How many of us would like to replace them by the adoption of sour milk as a beverage is a question we prefer not to answer. If life can be prolonged only by the general adoption of asceticism, it seems to be tolerably clear that human nature is not yet quite prepared to make this step; but, still, here and there there must be always a few who are willing to put a check on their appetites in order to attain to that length of days which was achieved by the early patriarchs.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Evelyn Frances Butler. Miss Butler, who was presented by Lady Arthur Butler at the second Court of the present season, is a daughter of Lord Arthur Butler, a brother of Lord Ormonde.

# COUNTRY



## • NOTES •

**A** SOCIAL as well as a political importance is always attached to the arrangements of the Parliamentary sessions, as the legislators when they are set free from their more serious duties have other matters to attend to. Those who are landowners are furnished with an opportunity of visiting their estates and ascertaining the condition of their land and the wishes of their tenants. When the sportsmen are released they fall naturally into Scottish house parties, where they are expected to display their genius more with the gun and fishing-rod than with their tongues. It may be assumed that even the Labour members are not without serious occupation in the recess. It seems this year, however, that the holidays will be cut short. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman hopes that the adjournment of Parliament will take place on August 4th; but at that time the work cut out for the Government will be incomplete, and therefore he proposes to hold an Autumn Session for the conclusion of business. He is so enamoured of this proposal that he has thrown out a suggestion to the effect that Parliament might very well be asked to begin its labours in the autumn and conclude them in early summer, so as to leave the legislators at liberty to enjoy themselves during August and September, the favourite months for holiday-making.

Some very interesting sidelights were cast on the habits of tax-payers by Mr. W. Gayler, Chief Inspector of Stamps and Taxes, in his evidence before the Income-tax Committee of the House of Commons. His experience was that many British citizens were singularly unostentatious in their habits, and his examples were striking and interesting. One of them was that of a man who occupied a house for which he paid £65 a year rent, with a tax surveyor for his next neighbour, and who died leaving a fortune close upon a quarter of a million, without anybody previously suspecting its existence. Another shrinking and modest tax-payer lived in a house of £45 rental, while all the time he was partner in a London firm, and enjoyed an income of £5,000 a year. He said it was not at all unusual for men with very large incomes to occupy a house of about £40 a year, and referred to the well-known case of Chicago Smith, who lived in one room in a club. The moral he drew from all this was that inquisitorial proceedings would have to be instituted before it was possible to ascertain the exact income of everyone who was entitled to pay the tax. Probably when the subject comes to be discussed there will be much to be said against this inquisition. Mr. Gayler himself admitted that as a private individual, as apart from an official, he had paid more than he was obliged to rather than disclose the exact state of his affairs. If that be so, the fact in itself furnishes a strong argument against the continuation of the income-tax.

It is evident that President Roosevelt is having a hand-to-hand struggle with the Chicago packers. By pure weight of purse they have hitherto been enabled to exercise a dominating influence over such politics as affected them, and they quickly began to show their power by taking the sting out of every clause of the new Bill. President Roosevelt, however, is not easily discouraged, and seems to be in the way of insisting upon thorough and radical reforms. For a time victory hovered in the air, as though doubtful which side to favour, but it would appear that now the ascendancy is going to the President. Nor

is this to be wholly imputed to his influence. Packers have been somewhat rudely awakened to the fact that unless they submit to a more drastic inspection than they have experienced recently, they will have to face the complete ruin of their foreign trade. No doubt this consideration has had as much persuasive force with them as the will of the President of the United States.

Alderman Thompson, in his evidence before the Working Class Housing Committee, made several suggestions which ought to have weight with those who draw up any legislation that follows the enquiry. One of these was that in addition to the ordinary rent the tenant of the house should pay a repairs rent, amounting to 10 per cent. of the former sum. This plan has been tried with good results in Switzerland, where the repairs rent, or part of it, is returned, if not actually expended on mending the house. Thus a stimulus is given to carefulness on the part of the tenant. Another of his suggestions is that every tenant should pay his own taxes. This idea will, we are sure, commend itself to all who have thought over the subject. No tenant who has any intelligence can be under the hallucination that he escapes paying taxes simply because they are ostensibly paid by the landlord. It is certain that where this is the case they will be included in the general charge for rent. Apart from that it is highly desirable that everybody who hires a house should pay his own taxes. Unless this is done, the class which numbers the largest number of votes will have very little interest in keeping that vigilant eye on expenditure which is necessary to check the excessive borrowing of the last few years.

### WHEN LIFE IS OVER.

I know the place where we will rest  
That night when life is over;  
As birds choose where to build a nest  
I choose the place where we will rest,  
By winds and stars and silence blest  
And coverlet of clover.  
I know the place where we will rest  
That night when life is over.

A. D.

That the show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England at Derby may turn out a success is the general wish, and if we are to judge from the number of entries it would seem that the fulfilment of this desire is all but assured. One element on which we cannot calculate is the weather; but, if it should be favourable, nothing else would appear to be wanting. In every department the number of entries compares to advantage with those of the last ten years. In horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs there are 2,319 entries, as compared with 2,113 at Park Royal last year—a number considerably in excess of that for any of the preceding eight years. The total number of entries amounts to 13,030, and this has only been exceeded twice during the last decade, viz., at York in 1900, when the corresponding figure was 14,772, and at Park Royal in 1903, when the figure was 14,585. The poultry shows a slight falling off from last year, and the number of produce entries was larger in 1903 and 1904, 1900 and 1899. But otherwise the entries look very healthful indeed. The Royal Society has on many previous occasions shown its ability to produce an agricultural exhibition such as can be seen nowhere else in the world, and we hope in the heart of the Midlands this fact will be sufficient to draw together an entry that will justify the change from Park Royal.

Now is the time when the fairest of all our wild flowers is beginning to show its face on wayside hedge, woodland thicket, and field boundaries. We refer, of course, to the delicate and charming wild rose, in the Southern Counties now just coming into bloom. It stands there a living testimony to the fact that, in spite of all that has been done by skilled horticulturists to create magnificent double blooms, simplicity will stand comparison with anything that skill can produce. The pity of it is that the wild rose is so fragile. It is most exquisite when growing amid its natural surroundings of thorn and bramble, but the freshness of its bloom quickly fades. When we see it on the fields we are always reminded of Wordsworth's famous line: "When flaunting summer flings its heart into the briar rose."

During the last fortnight or so a number of articles have appeared in the newspapers advocating the habit of sleeping out in summer weather, and, as will be seen, one of our contributors has, on the next page, broken forth into song on the delights thereof. She holds that from "Barnaby bright to Baptist-night" (we are sorry to reduce it to plain prose), the best couch is made by the dim wayside. In practice no small number of people follow this advice to the extent that they become dwellers in tents during the hottest months of the year. The advantages are those usually associated with the open-air cure. All night long they are fanned by the winds of heaven; at least, that is our



own experience, but others may have found more air-tight sleeping shelters, and they will probably be visited by sleep that is at once light and refreshing. Perhaps it were well to leave the subject at that. Those who make the experiment will, no doubt, discover for themselves the eerie events of a night in the open. They will make the acquaintance of things that creep and crawl, they will soon know what it is to be awakened by the pattering shower, or to be enveloped in the thick mist; but if they have good constitutions it will not matter, though if they have not good constitutions it will perhaps be as well for them to "doss" in the old way.

Even for sleeping out civilisation is not without its resources. At the proper quarter you can obtain a most ingenious bedstead, so strong that it will support any reasonable weight, and yet so ingeniously devised that at the touch of a spring it will fold itself into the size of a small carpet-bag. Upon that you can place a contrivance originally invented, we believe, for the purposes of the army in South Africa, that is only a feather-weight to carry, and yet is impervious to moisture, so that those who are not afraid of those clans of the grass that go travelling about at night may place it on the ground and sleep there without the slightest chance of getting cold. On the patent bedstead you are free from intruders, as it is raised some inches above the surface. Thus a bedstead can be erected anywhere by anybody in the course of a couple of minutes, and if the rain is shielded off by a tent a high standard of comfort may be obtained. Some of the writers speak of sleeping in hammocks; but they are so soft and yielding that, in the opinion of one at least who has tried them, they are not nearly so good as this patent bedstead.

About three years ago we drew attention to a scheme of the London County Council for causing brilliant-coloured butterflies and moths to flutter in the parks, and thus conduce to the æsthetic enjoyment of those who find their recreation in the open places of the town. We felt at the time that the idea was worth trying, though probably to some extent impracticable, and the result has justified our scepticism. It has been found in practice that the ubiquitous and innumerable sparrows refuse to live in harmony with the butterflies and their caterpillars. Indeed, they seem to have regarded them not as pleasing additions to the landscape, but as a supply of food thoughtfully provided by the plumeless bipeds of the town for their gratification. Anyway, they set to with a will and devoured both the insects and their progeny, with the result that the County Council has had to discontinue its efforts, and the artificially-reared butterfly will no longer show its gauzy wings in the air of the parks.

At first sight it seems annoying to find that an association has been started for providing spectacles for elementary children under the London School Boards, because in the opinion of expert oculists the system of teaching has for a long while tended to damage the eyesight of young children. Many of the tasks imposed upon them are of a kind to which young eyes should not be subjected; and even the ordinary reading, writing, and arithmetic of school when carried to excess may result in serious damage. However, the association, when its proposals are looked into, will be found quite innocent of any blame in this respect. It has been found by experience that many poor children who attend the elementary schools in London suffer from defects of eyesight which form a barrier to the prosecution of their ordinary studies. Unfortunately, the parents cannot be persuaded to provide them with spectacles, and it was the opinion of the council consulted on the question that the School Boards could not do so out of the money collected from the ratepayers; hence the association was formed to provide spectacles for those who suffer under this affliction. It is doing an excellent work, and those who like to be of service to their fellow-creatures can scarcely do better than lend it their aid. The hon. secretary, we may state, is Miss Susan Lawrence, 44, Westbourne Terrace.

The strange connection between wild and tame birds has been curiously exemplified this year. All who have gone birds'-nesting, and we hope their number is legion, must have remarked what an extraordinary number of infertile eggs appear to have been laid. The common birds that usually have from four to five in their nests have, as a rule, only been able to hatch out two or three. The cause to which this state of things has usually been traced is the coldness that became almost chronic in the month of April; but what we wish to point out is that it has affected domestic poultry in exactly the same way. Those who keep chickens inform us that there have been few years in which the clutches of eggs were less to be relied on. Pheasant-breeders, too, have echoed the complaint. It would appear, therefore, that inclement weather exercises the same influence over birds in confinement and birds in freedom.

The story of an eagle caught on the chimneys of Fleet Street is one of the most extraordinary pieces of natural history that have

burst upon London for some time past. We cannot wonder that the most active reporters have been unable to obtain definite particulars. The theoretical explanation that has been given makes confusion worse confounded. It is that an eagle flying over London accidentally dropped a young one, that fell upon a Fleet Street roof, the assumption being that at this season of the year the female eagle flies with her young in her claws as a human mother carries her baby. Of course the whole legend is a piece of absurdity from beginning to end; but an old proverb says that there never is smoke without flame, and we should very much like to know what the authentic fact was on which this imaginative fabric has been built.

There was a meeting the other day to promote colonisation by women, and it is satisfactory to know that there are so many members of the weaker sex who are willing to try their fortunes abroad. At the same time, it would be almost criminal to conceal the hardships incidental to colonial farming. A well-informed writer in one of the monthly magazines says it is impossible to describe the loneliness. The distance to the next neighbour may be anything from twenty to a hundred miles. When we add that the work is necessarily of an unending and mostly laborious character, it will be understood that the lady who goes abroad to one of our colonies does not do wisely to expect a bed of roses. There are plenty of women, however, who would not greatly mind being separated so far from their friends, and who would rejoice in the healthy outdoor work incidental to a colonial farm. They, at any rate, are not likely to be dismayed by the discouraging reports made by some who know what the life is really like.

#### NONE OTHER HOUSE.

From Barnaby bright to Baptist-night,  
And so to Lammastide,  
'Neath kevercheves of boughs and leaves  
There is rest by the dim wayside.  
O! I will loose my girdle red  
For the rose of the hedge to keep!  
And on the green grass I'll pillow my head—  
For the sleep of the fields is deep.

From hoodman's holiday to break of day,  
And so to gloaming light,  
When Plough-stars sev'n glide down the dark heav'n,  
Athwart the furrows o' night,  
O! I unclasp my yellow beads,  
And give them to the buttercups gold,  
And wander in the star-beams' milky meads,  
Till the dreams of the fields are told!

When Bartholomew brings the cold fresh dew,  
And so to Halloween,  
'Neath kevercheves of falling leaves  
I will lay me along the green,  
Till backward ring the hair-bells blue,  
And gossamers spin my sheet,  
From Barnaby bright to All Souls' Night,  
O! the sleep of the fields is sweet!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

In the new number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* a writer takes up the complaint we raised last week, and draws attention to the ruin of the country round London by the extension of the suburbs with their big flats, their rows of shops, small villas, and tramway lines. Nor does the evil exist only in the immediate neighbourhood of London. The beautiful Surrey hills are being rendered hideous by the jerry-builder. Moreover, there is not a prosperous town in England which is not following the example of London on a smaller scale; so that we cannot help asking where it will all end. Is the country going to be transformed into an immense desert of villas and shops? And is there nothing that can be done to save it?

In the obituary notices of this week occurs the name of Mr. Henry Nelson Pillsbury, who within his own circle has attained a high degree of fame. In the opinion of many he was the greatest chess player America has produced since the day of the immortal Morphy. We still remember the sensation that was caused when he carried off the first prize at the international tournament at Hastings some years ago, beating, among others, Lasker, who had hitherto been deemed invincible. He scattered his energies, however, over a considerable number of pastimes, and did not succeed in attaining the supremacy so easily held by his predecessor. Indeed, of late years, in Marshall the Americans seem to have brought forward another player who seems likely to be as great as either of them. It is curious, and perhaps characteristic of our cousins across the Atlantic, that all these players were singularly remarkable for brilliance rather than for the steadiness which we associate with such names as those of Dr. Tarrasch, Steinitz, and Lasker.



The extraordinary tameness of the wood-pigeons in the London parks becomes more marked than ever with the coming of their nesting season. This "culver of the woods, with its collar of jewels, the sweetest singer of love-longing," as the narrator of the Arabian Nights Entertainments calls it, is one of the most singular of birds in its inconsistencies, even in the wild state. Although so shy a bird in the shooting season, it builds a careless lattice of twigs, obvious to every passer-by, for its nest, lays therein (in defiance of the avine law which says that white eggs ought only to be laid in covered places) a pair of glistening white eggs, which can be seen even through the gaps in the wattle; and yet, as soon as the young bird can leave the nest, even before it can fly, it shows the most wonderful cleverness at concealing itself, and placing a thick bough between itself and the gunner who is looking out for squab pie. When it begins to fly it will always leave the tree on the side away from the object of its fear; yet in the parks it is as tame as the very sparrows.

There is rather a surprising note in a letter published in our "Correspondence" columns a fortnight ago to the effect that the common house-sparrow is diminishing to such an extent in some parts of the country—Dorsetshire and Hampshire are the counties particularly named—that he seems to be disappearing. The reason that this news is so surprising is that it is so much at variance with what we find in other parts. There is not the least reason to doubt its correctness, for one of the most interesting facts which a universal study of Nature is teaching us is that there are more local differences in the habits and distribution of many kinds of birds and animals than the old writers on these subjects have been at all ready to recognise. Doubtless the present year, with its severe frosts in the early nesting-time, must have caused the destruction of the vital spark in very many sparrows' eggs, as well as in those of other kinds, before the mother-bird began to sit; but we still have, in the country generally, an abundance of sparrows, out of which we would very gladly supply any counties which deem that they are suffering at all from deficiency of these mischievous little rascals.

A deputation waited on the Colonial Secretary lately with a purpose which will command the sympathy of lovers of country life, for its purpose was to urge on the Government the importance of setting aside a certain tract, or tracts, in South Africa as sanctuary for certain innocuous and interesting kinds of wild animals which are threatened with extinction in the struggle for life under the ordinary conditions which now prevail there, and which will prevail more and more to their detriment, as time goes on. The deputation was introduced by Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and included the Duchess of Bedford, Sir Henry Seton-Karr, and many others who are specially interested in the subject. The speakers laid particular stress on the fact that they were not asking sanctuary for the dangerous carnivora or any hurtful kinds of animals. Lord Elgin is reported to have received the arguments in a sympathetic way, which gives a favourable augury of the Government's intentions. Fortunately, there is time enough yet to preserve the species—recent travellers still are able to speak of a remarkable abundance of game along the line of the Uganda Railway—but that is not to say that there is any time to be wasted in securing their preservation.

There seems no room for doubt that we must admit the present season to be a very bad one for the May-fly. It is possible that the cold weather may have delayed their hatch out; but if they were coming in any large numbers they would certainly have appeared by this time. This comparative failure of the fly is hardly to be explained by the recent conditions of the weather, although that is the explanation which is most often given. It is to be feared that it must be looked for in more permanent causes. Some have been inclined to attribute it to excessive weed-cutting, or, at all events, to injudicious weed-cutting, which might be supposed to leave the larvæ without an adequate food supply; but, perhaps, a more probable cause is the increasing pollution of the water, which appears to render it less favourable to the life of these insects. But whatever the true cause, it seems to have been in operation for so many years now that we can hardly believe it to be such an occasional one as an exceptionally cold spring.

## SUMMER LANDSCAPES.

### I.—THE SEA SLEEPS.

Now the Earth holds the sea, like a sleeping boy,  
In the hollow of her lap  
And her knee,  
Drawing softly the shores round that dreaming joy,  
The shores that enwrap  
All the sea.

While the Sky, beaming down in a father's mirth,  
Sees the image of his face  
In the deep;  
And he laughs as he looks at his love, the Earth,  
And the child of their embrace  
Fast asleep!

### II.—SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

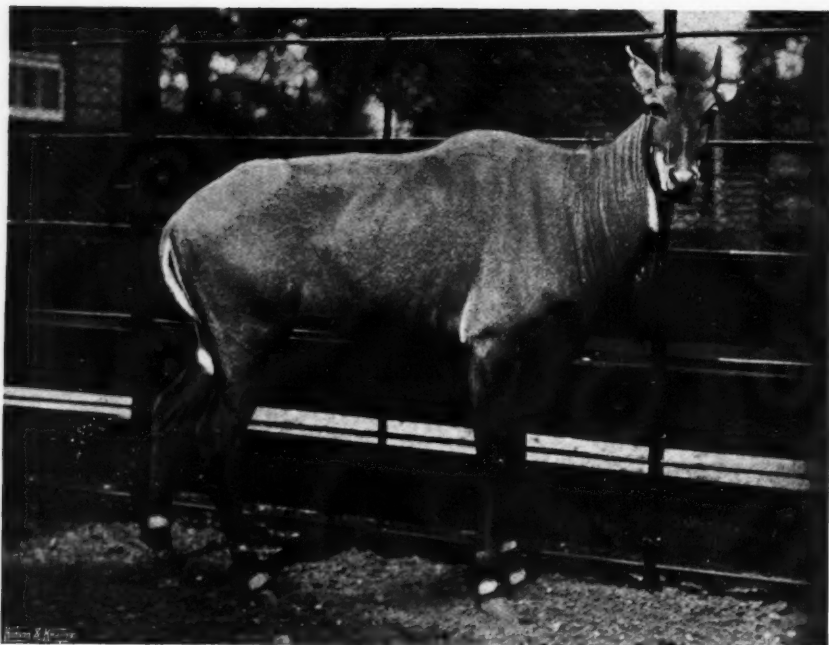
The weather was so grey  
To-day  
That all the trees were green,  
When lo! the low clouds rolled away:  
Ah, what a change of scene!

Yon row of elms that edge  
The hedge,  
Like tapestries, were blue;  
And silver the aspens in the sedge,  
And black the branching yew.

While all our oaks, so old,  
Were gold,  
Or red, or copper-bright,  
With mirrored colours manifold  
And trembling plays of light.

And so, sometimes, I find  
My mind  
Clearsighted in its grey:  
A settled sorrow is less blind  
Than Love's enchanting ray.

MARY DUCLAUX.



W. P. Dando.

NILGAI.

Copyright.



W. P. Dando.

BANTING OX.

Copyright.



W. P. Dando.

CHITAL.

Copyright.

## PROBLEMS OF INDIAN GAME.

THOSE who are interested in natural history problems will find, in the choice collection of Indian animals just presented by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the Zoological Society, a few of more than ordinary interest. A suggestion or two as to the nature of these riddles may be acceptable to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Turn, for example, to the excellent photograph of the young rhinoceros, and note the remarkable folds of skin which invest the body. These, as is well known, are of enormous thickness, and until the advent of the modern rifle were bullet-proof. How came the skin to take this remarkable development? This is a question that may well be asked, since the African species of rhinoceroses have a smooth skin like that of an elephant. Again, the African rhinoceros uses its horns as weapons of offence—having no other—but the Indian species, though similarly armed, uses, not its horn, but its tusks, which the African species lack. As we cannot suppose the tusks to have been developed since the origin of the horn, why was this developed, and to what use is it put? Is the fact that it is single—the African species have two horns—and smaller than in the African species due to degeneration from disuse?

The beautiful nilgai, *Boselephas tragocamelus*, the largest of the Indian antelopes, is an ally of the giant eland of Africa. But, unlike the eland, the sexes differ in colour; the cows are hornless, and the horns in the males are but feebly developed. No explanation of these facts has hitherto been offered, nor of the fact that, while the elands are transversely striped, the nilgai is whole coloured. About this matter of stripes much yet remains to be discovered. It would seem, however, that we must regard stripes as representing a very primitive type of coloration, since young animals of all kinds, both aquatic and land animals, are commonly striped, while a much smaller proportion of adults are so coloured. Further, there is much evidence to show that spotted coloration is derived originally by the breaking up of these longitudinal stripes.

The deer show this well. In the photograph of the axis deer, or chital, these spots have a longitudinal direction, while the lowermost row yet form a continuous stripe. In many deer, as in the barasingha or swamp deer, and in the hog-deer in this collection, there is a dark median dorsal stripe bounded on either side by a row of white spots, and this often persists after all the other spots have vanished. In fawns newly born this stripe and the spots which border it are especially distinct. Among antelopes vertical stripes occur more often than spots, but the horned antelope has both stripes and spots.

If it be granted that the pelage of the deer, in common with other animals, was longitudinally striped, and that the stripes later broke up into spots—we cannot here enlarge upon all the evidence that is available—many interesting facts about the coloration of deer become explainable. Thus the chital of India retains his spots throughout the year, because they are protective, serving to conceal the animal in shady glades penetrated by sunlight. But the fallow deer, in common with other similarly marked deer of temperate climates, loses its spots in the winter; and this because a uniformly colored dark coat affords a better protection when the foliage has dropped.

In one of these pens there will be found a small species of ox known as the banting, remarkable, among other things, for the

conspicuous white patch on the hind-quarters on either side of the tail. Now a precisely similar patch will be found in a very large number of deer and antelopes also; generally of species which travel in herds—at any rate, it appears to be conspicuous by its absence among solitary species. Hence it may be that this patch is, as has been suggested, a recognition mark, enabling the members of the herd to follow the leader when seeking safety in flight.

As in the case of the nilgai, so with the black-buck the females are hornless—at least, usually, but on occasions females are found with small recurved horns, therein differing considerably from the male, in which the horns are of considerable length and spirally twisted. In coloration the sexes also differ, the female having the upper part of the body and outside of the limbs fawn coloured, while in the males these areas are blackish brown, and in very old bucks black. Young males, as so often happens in all groups where the sexes are differently coloured, resemble the females. In so far as the black-buck is concerned, we can only guess at the significance of these differences. Sportsmen, and others who have an opportunity of studying these animals in a wild state, might do much to enlarge our knowledge in this matter. The white patch on the hind-quarters, to which reference has just been made, is well marked in this antelope, as may be seen by the photograph.

Reference was made in these pages last week to the great changes which take place in the form of the head of the Indian elephant. We would draw attention now to the hairiness of the young animal brought home by the Prince. The top of the head and back, as well as the legs, are now sparsely covered with long, coarse, black hairs; later these will disappear; but they are vestiges of a time when the whole body was thickly covered, and with a woolly coat, as in the mammoth. Indeed, in the foetal elephant to-day the hairy covering is relatively thick. They show pretty conclusively that the elephant of to-day is a descendant of a much more hairy animal, and probably also one which dwelt in a colder climate.

Finally, we come to the domesticated sheep described in the last issue of this paper. As to the origin of the breed, in which the two horns have joined to form one mass, as may be seen in the photograph, nothing appears to be known. But it is significant that they share the peculiar coloration—black head and neck and legs—with the four-horned variety, which suggests that the two varieties are closely related. Possibly they are sports from some common stock, which, like the now extinct bow-legged sheep, have been preserved by the breeder. This particular variety of sheep, we may remark, has never before been seen in this country.

This most interesting and instructive exhibition has been specially housed in a large area on the north bank of the canal, and to render it the more easily accessible a new bridge has been built across the canal near the zebra house. The newly-cleared area is to be known as the Prince of Wales's Exhibition Ground, and here it is proposed, from time to time, to lodge collections of animals from other parts of the Empire. Thus, besides the intrinsic value of His Royal Highness's gift to the society, he has further been instrumental in procuring a permanent enlargement of the Gardens. It is interesting in this connection to note that there is still living in the society's collection Suffa Culla, an elephant which was among the animals brought back by His Majesty the King just thirty years ago, after his tour in India.

There can be no doubt but that the collection which His Royal Highness has generously presented to the society will excite a very widespread interest. And on this account



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BLACK-BUCK.

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BABY RHINO.

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THE ONE-HORNED SHEEP OF INDIA.

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W. P. Dando. HOG-DEER.

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brought together, but at all animals, for all alike are what they are according to the battle which they have had to fight to maintain their place in Nature.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

## FROM THE FARMS.

ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

**B**RENTWOOD was decidedly *en fete* on Wednesday and Thursday, June 13th and 14th, when the county show was held at Sawyer's Farm, closely adjoining the north end of the town. The entries in all classes compared favourably with last year's at Southend, and there was an increase of 108 in the horses, the department that is the most interesting to the general public. Mr. J. H. Horton, J.P., was this year's president, supported by a local committee who had worked hard at the arrangements, Mr. Frederick Taylor of Chelmsford being secretary. In the Shire horse ring Mr. J. Paisley of Waresley, Hunts, acted as judge; Mr. W. R. Hustler of Cockfield, Suffolk, presided over the Suffolks; Major F. Egerton Green judged polo ponies; Mr. R. G. Heaton of Chatteris undertook the riding and driving classes; and to Lord Orkney and Mr. R. H. Harries fell the lot of awarding their rosettes to the hunters. Mr. Walter Hammond of Loughton secured the Shire Horse Society's medal for his handsome brown Ware Duchess, who well deserved her champion badge; while Mr. Fielding of Woodham Ferris secured the championship award for best stallion or entire colt bred in Essex. In the open class for Suffolk horses, Mr. Kenneth Clark of Sudbourne was a winner with Sudbourne Surprise, Sudbourne Arabelle (to whom Major Quilter's Bentley Duchess ran second), and Sudbourne Arabi. The leaping competitions on both days were, as usual, popular with the public. On Wednesday the winner was Mr. F. B. Gringe's Rufus, who performed well; and on Thursday Mr. Robins's Sterling and the same owner's Tim were first and second. Shorthorns, red-polled, Aberdeen-Angus, and Jerseys all showed some good specimens in the cattle department, the last named being a particularly attractive lot, and drawing many visitors to admire their beauty. The champion's prize went to Mrs. McIntosh of Havering, and those for Shorthorns and Aberdeens to Mr. Leon of Bletchley and Mr. Greenfield respectively. Colonel Tufnell of Longleys, Essex, secured a first among the Aberdeens for a beautiful black heifer, reflecting credit on Essex, as this was an open class. Mrs. McIntosh of Havering was another successful local exhibitor in the Jerseys open class. Sheep and pigs were not large classes. In the sheep the South-down medals were both won by Mr. C. Adeane, and Mr. Marriner of Woodbridge was the principal winner for pigs. The working dairy gave some interesting competitions; those open to Essex only were won by Mr. Bowlby, Miss A. Smith (two), and Mr. W. Bird for fresh and for salt butter. A small tent was set apart for the sale of various articles made by disabled soldiers at Colchester Hospital, and next door to it Miss Tufnell of Longleys, Chelmsford, was driving a brisk trade in pillow lace, for the making of which she has formed a flourishing home industry in her neighbourhood. Some children instructed by her sat at their work in the tent, and this little undertaking seems likely to grow into a useful scheme for the villagers, who can execute orders for the "Buckingham" pillow lace, and make their fair profit, an advantage they do not reap when employed through manufacturers. The second day's programme included parades of prize cattle, field trials for motor-ploughs, etc., and a parade of hunters and driving horses in the Grand Ring. The

we have brought together a few of the more important and interesting features which it presents, by way of indicating the great scientific value of such collections as an aid to the study of the more abstruse questions of animal life; and also in the hope that many may come to look with new eyes not only at the animals here

16th Lancers from Colchester gave, during the afternoon, a display of tent-pegging, etc., and a most successful show was brought to a conclusion at six o'clock.

### FOREIGN CROP PROSPECTS.

It has been announced in the newspapers that the harvest prospects in Canada are exceptionally good this year, and as far as we can gather from the reports that have been brought together by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, it would appear likely that the supply of wheat in other parts of the world is likely to be beyond the average. In Germany the winter and spring crops are stated to be satisfactory, while the outlook for wheat, rye, barley, and oats is a medium one. In Russia the crops seem to be doing very well indeed. The condition of the winter grains in the twenty-two governments of the central zone



W. P. Dando.

FOUR-HORNED SHEEP.

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is described as unconditionally good. The only complaint is against the persistence of excessively dry weather. In the centre of the Volga region the drought has been felt very much. Mr. Smith, the Consul-General, reports that the conditions in South Russia have been favourable, and the prospects for the coming harvest seem to be extremely good. It is expected that the harvest will be quite a month earlier than usual. Another Consul, Mr. Medhurst, however, says that the prospects in the Rostov-on-Don consular district are not so promising as they appeared a fortnight ago. The harvest in Hungary promises to be considerably better than it was last year as far as wheat is concerned, but the rye, barley, and oats are not quite so good. The official estimate of the wheat crop in India puts the yield in 1906 at 8,560,000 tons, as compared with 7,519,000 tons in 1905 and 9,601,000 in 1904.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**W**HENCE and whither have always been attractive subjects to everyone who thinks, and books innumerable have been written upon it, yet we have no blame to cast upon Mr. Kay Robinson for adding one to the number in *The Religion of Nature* (Hodder and Stoughton). He has set himself a somewhat difficult task. It is to reconcile observation of Nature with revealed religion. The last phrase should be noted, because where others have contented themselves with trying to establish a more or less vague idea of an over-ruling Providence, Mr. Robinson might, to adopt the political nomenclature of the time, be termed a "whole-hogger." In a word, he sees nothing in Nature to prevent us from accepting the Mosaic account of the creation. Unfortunately he deals with only one small objection, viz., that element of cruelty in the scheme of the universe which Tennison epitomised in the phrase "Nature red in tooth and claw." Before dealing with it it is well to remember that other objections have been raised, and some of them at least are of greater importance. Historical criticism is one. The theory of evolution is another. The investigation of the gradual growth of law and order among savage people is a third. In the minds of the majority we may assume that these are much more likely to cause doubt than the objection with which Mr. Kay Robinson deals. However, as he has chosen to abide in one small corner, nothing remains except to investigate what he has to say about it. His chief point is that there is an impassable gulf between reason and instinct, and that it is in the possession of reason that man vindicates his likeness to God. It is a highly controversial point. Except Mr. Kay Robinson we know of very few thinkers who consider that any fixed lines can be drawn. If we take a complete survey



"COUNTRY LIFE."

WELCOME SHADE.

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of all the various manifestations of life we find that one merges in the other. Our author himself dwells at considerable length on the very great difficulty of separating animal and vegetable life. There are organisms which seem to partake of both. So it is with what we call instinct. In low forms of life it seems to be quite automatic, and independent of the will of the individual. But as we mount upward its operations gradually become more complex, till in such animals as the elephant and the dog we find so close an approach to reason, that it is difficult to deny the dawning of something closely approaching to human intelligence. Again, in the less advanced sections of the human race reason seems to be debased to something very like instinct. The savage, in our author's own words, "blindly follows in those respects all his animal instincts for the good of the race, and enjoys neither happiness nor unhappiness in so doing." He goes further, and declares that the savage acts only by instinct, "seeing in it neither wrong nor right." It is not difficult to find many good reasons for the fact that humanity has pushed far in front of the other animals. For one thing, the latter communicate with one another by sounds that deserve to be called no more than the rudiments of speech. Yet the bird can express itself in various ways. It has its love song which it carols in the gladness of spring, it has cries of alarm when frightened, cries of satisfaction when food is placed before it, cries for companionship, and cries of quarrelsomeness, all of which it uses on the appropriate occasions. Mr. Robinson's idea seems to be that each of those noises represents only a simple want on the part of the organism from which it comes, whereas a man is able to weigh and ponder and talk round about a subject as well as of it. This is quite true, but still it is nothing more than a natural development of the power of speech. Given a growing intelligence, and with the growing intelligence growing needs and growing thoughts, vocal sounds to express these would soon be forthcoming, and, when once language in the ordinary acceptation of the term had been established, progress would be so rapid that, looking backwards, it seems almost incredible to imagine that, for example, the poetry of a Homer or of a Shakespeare had been developed from the mumblings of the lower animals. So with the discovery of fire and the use of instruments. As soon as man came to possess these, it was inevitable that he should rush swiftly forward on the path of progress, and soon place a mighty distance between him and the life from which he had sprung. Yet if, in spite of all, the difference remains only one of degree, it is evident that Mr. Robinson's attempt to distinguish between reason and instinct falls to the ground. If not, the alternative is the interference of a supernatural agency. Evidently our author holds that man is a double organism; that he consists of soul and body, soul being something different from the vital principle. It would be a very difficult task to establish this theory, and the best that is said here for it is a quotation from Rudyard Kipling, who makes a fugitive soldier say:

"Till I 'eard a beggar squealin' out for quarter as 'e ran,  
An' I thought I knew the voice—an' it was me!"

But is there any reason to suppose that something similar to this might not have occurred in the case of an animal? A dog frightened in a similar manner might run and yelp with a blind terror; but Mr. Robinson could have no data on which to base his belief that, the consciousness of the animal returning, he could not recognise, as the flying soldier did, that he was yelping in a very unusual manner. We have no means of interpreting the emotions of animals beyond our own experience. They defy our questing, and science has as yet been unable to give a definite description of their mental state. This it is that cuts the ground from under the foot of the main argument advanced. Our author says:

To feel pain is a bodily sensation; to dislike the feeling of pain is a conscious thought; and this "consciousness," which distinguishes in the human mind between pleasure and pain, as things desirable or otherwise, is only another phase, as fact as in word, of the "conscience" which distinguishes between good and evil.

It ought to be remarked here that his definition of the word conscience is a purely materialistic one. His phrase means, if it means anything, that good and evil are at bottom only a development of pleasure and pain. Conscience, in its early stages, is scarcely to be distinguished from fear of punishment. In the rudimentary stage we may observe it in a dog when he has done anything for which he has previously been punished. He comes crouching with his tail between his legs, evidently afraid that on this occasion he will once more experience the consequences that he has experienced before. In other words, he has a bad conscience. So, in early society, the individual who transgressed the rules of the tribe for which a punishment had been ordained, must have felt uneasy whenever he approached his fellow-tribesmen. No secrecy could prevent the apprehension of punishment, and hence his ill conscience. But as civilisation proceeded, the game, as it were, became complicated, and conscience, in modern days, is a highly-developed form of what it was in primitive man. The individual to-day has read and listened to innumerable lectures and disquisitions on good and

evil. He has been taught from childhood to eschew one and to follow the other, and the way has been crossed by many devious tracks, so that one in whom conscience is highly developed is bound to experience much doubt and struggling. Yet that is no proof that the highly-cultivated conscience of the twentieth century is not a normal development from the rudimentary conscience of primitive man. Let us take a point bearing on the main one. He says:

The sect of the Flagellants, originally a religious brotherhood, had to be sternly suppressed because of the frenzied excesses of self-torture in which its votaries delighted in public. In the East to-day you may see self-tortured devotees who cannot help feeling the pain which they inflict upon themselves, but certainly do not dislike it.

Now it is highly evident that the Flagellants did not whip themselves out of mere love of pain. They had tortured the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church in very much the same way as did the ascetics, who believed that by voluntarily undergoing starvation and hardship in this world they were preparing themselves for felicity in the world to come. The Flagellant, in something that was not very far removed from insanity, believed also that by allowing himself to be scourged in this world, he was purifying himself for blessedness in the world to come, and this will hold true of all self-tortured devotees. They undergo pain in the hope of receiving a great reward for it. Pain, in the memorable words of a Scotch judge, was with them only a kind of fire insurance. Now the lower animals, by all the symptoms that we can see and interpret, according to our own experience, undoubtedly suffer pain as much as is possible to their simpler organisms. At any rate, we see that they fly from it, and rejoice when it can be avoided. If Mr. Robinson is not convinced of this, it would be much more satisfactory for him and for his readers if he would forsake the habit of speculation in which he has indulged here and see if, by actual experiment, it cannot be proved that animals suffer pain. Not long ago, in the experience of the writer, a domestic cat had its foot hurt in a steel trap. This was attended to by a very able veterinary surgeon, and yet the animal languished and died. A post-mortem examination showed in the opinion of this expert that owing to an injury to one of the nerves the poor animal experienced excruciating pain, which had the effect of preventing it from taking enough food for its support. This lasted between a fortnight and three weeks. We are quite prepared to hear the answer that under apparent pain animals will frequently comport themselves as though they were not suffering; but that really is not an answer to the case, as we know that one wounded man will eat heartily where another will refuse his food. Pain in itself, therefore, is an injury to health, and a series of experiments by a competent physician would probably determine absolutely its effect upon one of the lower animals. The various references to moths and butterflies with which Mr. Robinson buttresses his argument are of very little value.

## IN THE GARDEN.

PROSPECTS OF THE ROSE SEASON.

THE Rose now occupies the thoughts of many garden-lovers—for is it not queen of summer?—and the fruits of months of anxious work are approaching perfection. Few, perhaps, of the readers of these notes are ardent exhibitors; but all delight in Rose shows, especially the great tournament of flowers held yearly by the National Rose Society in early July, the date this year being Thursday, July 5th. We advise all who treasure the Rose to support this exhibition, and at the same time the society which has accomplished so much in fostering a real love for growing the flower in the best ways. Unfortunately, the prospects at the time of writing are not brilliant. Climbing, and indeed all, Roses have been much disturbed by the maggot, and the only remedy is to pick off the pests with the hand. No insecticide sufficiently strong to kill the maggot can be used without also destroying the leaves within the folds of which they work such mischief. Probably the great feature of the National Rose Show will be what are called "garden" Roses, *i.e.*, those of Gloire de Dijon character, as the majority of the climbing Roses flower early. Dwarfs, which include such lovely varieties as Marie van Houtte, Caroline Testout, Edith Gifford, and Maman Cochet, to mention a few only of this great race, will be late, but much depends upon the weather. Days of brilliant sunshine will compel the buds to open, and all will be well. Greenfly has been as rampant as ever, but the rosarian who allows his bushes to suffer from this familiar foe is neglectful. Many insecticides may be purchased in the market now which will put an end to their pranks if the doses are repeated whenever necessary, and there is the old-fashioned but still effective soft soap and paraffin wash; the greenfly does not like this concoction in the least.

THE NEW SINGLE ROSE HIAWATHA.

There is not the slightest doubt that this brilliantly-coloured Rose, shown by several exhibitors at the recent Temple show—Messrs. William Paul & Waltham Cross in particular—has come to stay. A well-known Rose authority writes: "The rich ruby crimson colour and clean white eye of the individual flower cannot fail to please the most fastidious. If it is a seedling from Crimson Rambler, as reported, there surely is some wickurians blood in it, for both the pendulous trails of flowers and the small leave



suggest the wichuraiana type. The great value of the Rose is in the length of time the flowers remain fresh, and the colour is bright and clean to the last. The single-flowered ramblers that possess this valuable trait are if anything more cherished than the doubles, and it is a noticeable feature of the multiflora section. Hiawatha is a Rose to add to the collection in autumn. Its wreaths of brilliant bloom will be welcomed in many forms of decoration."

#### THE HARDY AZALEAS.

Azaleas and Rhododendrons have flowered gloriously this year, and in the large nurseries devoted to the flowers, such as those of Mr. Anthony Waterer of Knaphill and Messrs. John Waterer, Bagshot, the whole place seemed full of colour and the air saturated with the rich scent. The Rhododendron Dell in the Royal Gardens, Kew, has provided a rich feast of many hues; here tier upon tier of purple, there the softest pink, and in the distance, rising high above its fellows, the sombre magenta of a variety which is beautiful only in the far distance. When the time of the Rhododendron and Azalea has come the garden is in its sweetest dress. The tender green of the leaves has not darkened to the monotonous green of full summer, and a few late Bluebells and Daffodils linger in the grass. We noticed this in a ramble through the beautiful Dropmore Garden at Maidenhead a few days ago, where Azaleas and Rhododendrons have seeded naturally in profusion. Azaleas are now merged into Rhododendron, but the former name will long continue in usage, and we use it here to prevent a confusion of terms. The present race, which is known as the Ghent, has been achieved by the crossing of such kinds as *Calendulaceum* from North America, *sinense*, *occidentale*, and others, and the variety of colouring is bewildering—orange, scarlet, red, yellow, pink, rose, white, creamy white, orange scarlet, and even more than these, every shoot having its burden of blossom, while the whole bush becomes in the full flowering time a mound of perfume-giving petals. Perhaps to the unlearned in gardening the Azalea is more associated with the greenhouse, but the Ghent race is quite hardy, and their culture is easy in suitable soil. The presence of lime is fatal to the Azalea, the soil that suits the shrub best being light peat, though loam will also give good results. Plant them among trees where shelter from keen winds is provided, not from any tenderness of constitution, but to protect the flowers from late frosts, which frequently in exposed places play general havoc with all early bloom. The ground selected for the Azaleas or Rhododendrons, as the case may be, must be well trenched, not less than to a depth



Norman. ODONTOGLOSSUM CITROSUM. Copyright

of 2ft., and, if wet, drain it thoroughly. Six inches of soil should be removed from the bottom and peat substituted for it. Then mix the peat and surface soil well together for the remaining portion, and an ideal soil will have been obtained. Plant firmly and shallow, not covering the surface roots with more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. of soil, and water thoroughly. Azaleas will require considerable attention the first year after planting, chiefly in watering, and top-dress with decayed leaves, not manure. Where space is available an Azalea garden is a beautiful feature in the early summer, and also in autumn, when the leaves turn to shades of crimson and gold.

#### RANDOM NOTES.

**Watering and Mulching.**—High summer days, when the season does not belie its name, give the gardener much work in watering; but if stirring of the surface soil were more persistently followed there would be less occasion to water. It will be noticed that after watering the soil "cakes," to use the gardener's word, and the reason for this is the absence of stirring before water was applied. When any plant or shrub or tree seems in distress mulch over the roots with well-decayed manure after having given a thorough watering; this will keep the roots moist and maintain vigour of growth, especially in those things planted last autumn.

**Primroses and Polyanthus Seed.**—We described recently the beautiful bunch-flowered Primroses raised by Miss Jekyll at Munstead Wood. Seed may be sown now, and also of the other types of Primrose and Polyanthus. Sow outdoors in a well-prepared piece of ground, or in a cold frame, where the seed will germinate more readily, as it is under greater control than in the open garden. When the seedlings are sufficiently large to handle prick them out into boxes, and from thence hasten them to the open ground.

**Protection of Wild Flowers.**—A writer to a contemporary urges the protection of our native flora, and compares the efforts of other countries with our own: "What is done in America and in Switzerland can certainly be done in the British Islands. We remember our Wild Birds' Protection Act and the good it has done in a few years. Why cannot we have a 'Wild Plant Preservation or Protection Act' devised on similar lines? There are many minor points regarding the protection of wild plants and flowers that might be mentioned, but legal help is really the goal at which we ought to aim. No one is wholly without influence. Let all of those who love flowers exert it to the utmost, hands joined and individually. Let us make and get an Act passed before it is too late."

**Pinks from Cuttings.**—The Pinks of all groups are in flower, and cuttings strike readily if the selected shoots are cut just beneath a joint. Remove the two lower leaves and insert the stems in light soil. Cover them with a bell-glass and roots will be quickly emitted, when the young plants may be transferred in showery weather to the places they are to flower in.

**The Carnation Season.**—The flowering stems of the Carnation are progressing, and each one may be neatly staked to prevent destruction by wind and rain. There is no more beautiful flower, the Rose excepted, than the Carnation, which has been improved greatly of late years. The modern varieties possess size without the absence of fragrance. It will be wise to watch for anything new in the season now approaching, as the activity of the hybridist has been fruitful in good results. The typical garden Carnation should possess a flower of faultless shape, that is, free and without any symptom of splitting in the calyx, of beautiful colour, and sweet fragrance. Strong growth is essential, and when these attributes are present it is safe to plant the variety in masses for the sake of effect.

**Destroying Water-rats.**—A letter in a contemporary from Mr. William Cutbush re the destruction of water-rats may be helpful: "These can be easily killed. Get some fresh-water fish—carp, roach, rudd, etc.—cut into pieces about 1½ in. to 2 in. square with a knife and fork, but do not touch with the hand. Put some strychnine into each piece, and place on the banks of streams before sunset. Repeat twice a week. I helped to clear a marsh farm last spring with great success."

## WHITETHROATS.

THOUGH one of our commonest breeding birds, the whitethroat, or nettle-creeper as it is often called, is an unobtrusive little bird, and were it not for the curious actions with which it accompanies its song, it might often entirely escape observation. Suddenly shooting up from the middle of a thick bush or clump of brambles, as if thrown from a battledore, and leaping about in the air like a toy bird on a piece of elastic, all the while uttering its song, which is both varied and sweet, the whitethroat is to my mind one of the most interesting of our summer visitors. The common whitethroat, although it arrives in this country during the second week in April, does not, as a rule, begin nesting until nearly the end of that month. The nest of this species is usually placed in a tuft of thick vegetation, nettles being often chosen for the purpose, whence the name nettle-creeper.

During the last summer I came across a whitethroat's nest, containing young, in a thick clump of grass at the foot of a hazel "tot," and as I was particularly desirous of obtaining photographs of this species, I visited the spot again the same afternoon armed with my camera and "rubbish-heap" hide. As I approached the nest I heard one of the birds utter a loud "Churr-churr!" of alarm, so I quickly withdrew until I saw them both leave the neighbourhood of the nest in search of more food for their young. Hurrying to the nest and bending back the grass on each side, so as to let as much light in as possible, I crept into my hide, and by the time the parent birds were back with food I had got my camera fixed and focussed upon the nest. My hide was made from the directions given by Mr. R. Kearton in his most useful book "Wild Life at Home." I have, however, painted the cover of mine with Condyl's fluid, which causes it to be less conspicuous than if it was covered with plain brown holland, and, at the same time, it is, I find, not necessary to completely cover it with wisps of dry grass when it is thus painted. I had great success with this form of hide during last summer, even with shy birds such as skylarks; but I find that the great secret is to fix up the "rubbish-heap" while the birds which one is desirous of portraying are away getting food, otherwise, if they see one enter they are often very shy of approaching the nest for some time. But to return to our whitethroats. I did

not expect to have long to wait for my photographs, nor was I disappointed, for in less than forty-five minutes I had exposed six plates successfully. Both the male and the female took part in feeding the young, and from where I was concealed I could always tell when they were coming with food, as they signalled their arrival at a patch of undergrowth near the nest by uttering a soft "curr," and a few seconds later I could hear one of them creeping up to the nest through the grass. They always made their appearance on the far side of the nest from where I was concealed. Sometimes the birds had a large green caterpillar in their bills, but more often they seemed to bring some insect food from the back of their throats, with which they fed their young, and the quantity was often enough to feed two of the youngsters. The male whitethroat may be at once distinguished from its mate by its greyish head and its pink tinged breast. I noticed that both birds paid about an equal number of visits to the nest, and in my last photograph the female is to be seen in the act of putting food into the young bird's mouth. At the end of each visit the birds attended to the sanitary arrangements of the nest, often turning the young over with their heads so as to make sure that the nest was clean. Almost directly after I had exposed my last plate the female settled down on the nest and covered the young from the sun, which was very hot, and while doing so kept up a continuous panting, evidently from the heat, which I began to feel almost tropical inside my "rubbish heap." As I had no more unexposed plates with me, I determined to visit the nest the next day and try to picture the female bird in this position, but although I succeeded in getting a wonderful photograph, the weather had totally changed, and instead of panting with the heat she was shivering with the cold; but more of this anon. As I was now ready to leave the nest, the question was how to get the bird off the nest without showing myself, which might have been fatal to my prospects the next day.

I tried whistling, without success, then coughing, then shouting; but still she remained unmoved. As a last resource I seized hold of the front of my "rubbish heap" and shook it violently, all the while coughing and hissing, and after a while this had the desired effect, for she slowly rose up and hopped sedately, if a bird can hop sedately, off the nest and disappeared into the undergrowth. Then I crawled out of my hide into the fresh air, and, packing up my apparatus, went home, and straight into the dark room.

The next afternoon I went to the nest again, but, alas, for our treacherous climate, as soon as I had got my camera fixed in position, and myself concealed comfortably in my hide, the sun went in, and in a few minutes a regular downpour of rain



M. J. Nicoll.

FEMALE COVERING YOUNG DURING SHOWER.

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came on. Although rain was much wanted for the crops, I did not desire it for that afternoon. However, it was going to do me a good turn, for while I sat under my "rubbish heap," with the rain beating down on it, the female whitethroat returned to the nest, fed the young, and then, settling down, covered her offspring from the shower with her wings and body, and while in this position, with the raindrops glistening on her, I made a series of photographic studies, one of which forms the first of my illustrations. I was forced to spend some three hours in my hide on this occasion owing to the rain, and during nearly all this time the female sat on the nest, and only twice were the young ones fed. The male paid one visit to the nest with a big green caterpillar. The female slipped off while he fed the now ravenous chicks, and then covered them again. When at last the sun came out again, the female flew off in search of food, and I was able to pack up my dripping "rubbish heap," and turn homewards, well pleased with my first success at photographing a wild bird protecting her young from the rain.

M. J. NICOLL.

## PROTECTIVE MIMICRY IN BIRD-LIFE.

THOSE who have studied the works of Darwin and other investigators of the theory of evolution cannot fail to have noted the importance attached by these writers to the laws of natural selection and the survival of the fittest. The evolution of species is a subject which could not be adequately dealt with in the course of this article, and I propose merely to briefly discuss the means by which many of the most interesting species of British birds are assisted by Nature in the great struggle for existence which is being continually waged in the animal kingdom.

Before proceeding to notice the marvellous adaptation of the colouring of the plumage of many species to their surroundings, and of the eggs of others to the situation of the nest, it will be necessary to review the dangers to neutralise which these precautions have become essential. There are few species of birds resident in these islands which, at some stage of their existence, are not exposed to risks which may prove fatal, and the vast majority have to contend with their more rapacious brethren and with their subtler four-footed enemies from the beginning of their career till the end of their life. To this rule the larger birds of prey are the sole exceptions—the eagles, the osprey, the kite, peregrine, and others of their kind. The situation of their nests and their reputation for valour serve to render them immune from attack; their sole foe is man,



M. J. Nicoll.

WHITETHROAT GOING ON TO NEST.

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and no mere bird or beast ventures to approach their eyries. The lesser hawks are by no means equally secure. The hooded crow will suck the eggs of the kestrel and the sparrow-hawk during the temporary absence of the adult birds, though short shrift awaits the intruder if he is detected in the act. The eggs of the merlin are equally exposed to danger, and a stoat will devour the young hawks as readily as he would a grouse's chick. Battles in the air between hawks and hooded crows are of common occurrence, and the lightning swoops of the former generally put their slower and clumsier foes to flight.

Adult birds, with the exception of the larger predatory species and a few others, such as swans and cormorants, whose mere size is a sufficient guarantee of their safety, have to contend with prowling four-footed enemies, such as the weasel tribe and the cat species, in addition to the feathered foes of which brief mention has been made. Their eggs are tasty morsels for the egg-sucking species: hedgehogs, crows, and magpies are all equally skilful in locating the nests of our larger birds—such of these, at least, as are placed on the ground level. The hedgehog works systematically, seldom abstracting more than a single egg on the same night, but returning again for another feast. The feathered egg suckers often break and partially devour the whole clutch at a sitting. The young of all species, when hatched, are exposed to the attacks of the fox, the marten, the polecat, the stoat, and the weasel, and among broods of tender age feathered marauders play terrible havoc. Such are briefly a few of the perils which meet defenceless birds at every stage of their existence. It may be said that predatory birds and beasts are now comparatively scarce, but we must remember that game preservation alone is responsible for this fact. During the long ages which preceded the appearance of the game preserver the increase of prolific species was only kept within reasonable bounds by the attacks of their natural enemies, and it was quite in accordance with the laws of Nature that some means of concealment as protection should be devised for otherwise helpless birds. The solution lay in protective mimicry and in the assumption of plumage which resembled the surroundings of the individual.

Predatory birds and animals being so numerous, it is plain that the more striking the colours of the victims, the more readily would they attract the attention of their enemies. Thus, through the survival of individuals of sober and less striking hues, a large proportion of our resident species gradually assumed the drab-coloured garb which they wear at the present day.

Perhaps the most striking example of protective mimicry is to be found in the contrast between the plumage of male and female birds. The colouring of eggs to match their surroundings is another hardly less conspicuous, and the fact that young birds of both sexes almost invariably resemble the female in plumage can be explained by a similar course of reasoning. As a rule young birds are helpless, and if the young males immediately developed gaudy hues, they would fall a prey to the nearest marauder. After the first moult Nature considers that they have reached maturity, and must shift for themselves and take their chance with the rest. During the courting season the cock birds generally assume their most brilliant plumage, while their mates retain their more sober hues. Black game, wild ducks, and pheasants are good examples of this fact. The greyhen and the red grouse, sitting on their nests in heather, dead bracken, and rough grass, match their surroundings to perfection, and the crouching form of the mother bird could scarcely be detected by even the lynx-eyed falcon hovering overhead. It is noticeable that hen birds at all seasons are less timid than the males, mainly because the former hope to escape observation, while the latter are well aware that their only hope lies in instant departure.

It would almost seem that birds know instinctively whether their eggs are conspicuous objects to the egg-stealing hoodie or

carriion crow. Thus we find the wild duck covering her eggs with the utmost care as soon as each has been laid, and her example is followed by the red grouse and the greyhen. Generally speaking, birds which lay a considerable number of eggs before incubation commences take more trouble to conceal them than those which lay two, three, or four, as the case may be. This applies equally to the smaller species—the large clutches of the wrens and the tits are also carefully hidden from view. A large number of eggs is obviously more conspicuous than a few would be, and a longer period elapses between the laying of the first and the last eggs of the clutch in the former than in the latter case. Danger is thus increased, but corresponding care is taken to avoid the peril.

Woodcock, nesting in covert or in deep herbage, take little trouble to conceal their eggs, being well aware that the colouring of the latter renders such precautions needless; they match their surroundings as closely as the female resembles the dead leaves, bracken, or heather in which the nest is placed.

Eggs laid in the open on the ground level are, generally speaking, so marked as to avoid attracting notice, while birds which nest in trees lay eggs of brilliant hues and startling contrasts. The reason is obvious, for in the former case the clutch is in full view of the egg-sucking fraternity, while in the latter the foliage helps to conceal the nest. The similarity of the eggs of the many species of waders and shore-birds must have attracted the notice of every observer, a neutral background marked with dark blotches and streaks being the chief characteristics of those of the plover, redshanks, gulls, sandpipers, snipe, curlew, and many others. In the dark bog or moorland this type of colouring can hardly be surpassed, and such differences as exist lie in the shape, size, and shade of the background or blotches. The eggs of the oyster-catcher can scarcely be distinguished from the pebbles and shingle in which they are laid, though the same eggs, if deposited in less suitable situations, would be remarkably conspicuous. Birds which lay pure white eggs, which would be extremely noticeable if deposited in the open, are generally careful to make their nests in holes or in trees. Owls, kingfishers, swifts, woodpeckers, and pigeons all follow this rule; the dabchick is apparently an exception, but in this case the nest is generally inpregnable owing to its situation on the water. Innumerable examples of the laws of protective mimicry might be mentioned, but the foregoing will serve to illustrate my remarks. In some cases the eggs, being conspicuous, must be hidden by the cunning of the parent birds, in others the colouring is in itself a



Nicoll. HEN WHITETHROAT FEEDING YOUNG. Copyright.

sufficient guarantee of their safety. I have ventured to suggest that birds are themselves aware of the effect of the colouring of their plumage. Otherwise it is hard to account for the cunning of the old blackcock or the wiliness of the mallard drake. That woodcock as a rule crouch at the approach of a foe and rise at the sportsman's feet is a fact which supports this theory. Through long ages they have successfully concealed themselves from their feathered enemies owing to the resemblance between their plumage and their surroundings. Of this the common ptarmigans afford a striking instance. Living on the bare mountain tops, where they have no means of concealment from birds of prey, their plumage changes with the seasons, the pure white garb which they assume in winter rendering it difficult to distinguish them from the snow which clothes the hills. In the spring and summer their upper parts become a greyish drab, which is equally effective in protecting them from birds of prey.

The gradual assumption of sober-coloured plumage by defenceless birds has led to a corresponding increase in the cunning of their feathered foes. Thus we often see a hawk or falcon sitting on a branch motionless close to the trunk of a tree, its plumage harmonising with the bark to such an extent that the bird is scarcely visible till it shifts its position, or darts with sudden



swoop on some unsuspecting victim. Birds which nest in company, such as some gulls and rooks, take little trouble to conceal themselves or their eggs. Their numbers serve to give them confidence, and a hawk approaching the nests would

meet with a rough reception. It is, as a rule, the shy and timid species which have no other adequate means of protection that have been aided by Nature to conceal themselves, their nests, and their young.

H. B. MACPHERSON.

## MEMORIES OF CARAVANNING.

WHEN I allow myself the occasional luxury of reading over my collection of old caravan "logs" and diaries, raked up from the bottom of my campaigning box, I always return from this pleasant excursion into the past with a feeling of wonder that caravanning even now should be so little understood, so seldom practised. It is strange that I, and a few Brothers of the Road, should still have this grand thing almost to ourselves, although it is true that the numbers of the good company of caravanners are increasing now, year by year.

The caravanner almost invariably keeps a "log." I think he feels the necessity of an outlet for all the happy ideas and pleasant reflections that occur to him day by day. For he is generally "living above himself," and everything that he does or says is in his eyes too important, too significant, to be completely lost. So you will find him, when at last the supper-table is cleared, the crumbs shaken out of the window, and his younger brother, if he is fortunate enough to have one, set to work to wash the dishes—you will find him getting out his journal and his stylographic pen, and sitting down to frame a narrative of

the day's proceedings. For myself, a log-book and a camera are generally to be found on board when I take the road; and now, after eight or ten years of it, I have a great accumulation of these records—logs of all shapes and sizes, an album of photographs, and a visitors' book.

Now, although the charm of caravanning lies largely in the fact of its uneventfulness and its daily monotony (which is never dull), it is surprising how many adventures, of divers sorts, contrive to creep into the story. For the caravanner, if he has the real stuff

in him, soon comes to adopt the attitude of the knight-errant towards affairs in general, and to some extent borrows from him his faculty for making adventure out of unpromising material. So his history, day by day, contains quite a number of curious and varied scenes. But the days without a history, when he sits toying with his pen, and turning over superlatives in his mind, if perchance he may find one that he has not used already to describe road or scenery, weather, or, it may be, the supper he has eaten—these are the best days of all.



W. Muir.

THE CARAVANNER WALKS.

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CAMPING BY THE RIVER.

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## A LEVEL RESTING-PLACE.

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For some years after the good ship *Triumvir*, my first caravan—the same which appears in the pictures, for, though she has trundled over many hundreds of miles of road, she is by no means worn out yet—was ready to take the road, my operations were chiefly confined to the county of Cheshire and North Wales. Tours were very short in those days. One had to seize a day or two when one could, and they often occupied little more than an extended week-end; but they were lengthened by an ingenious device. I had, indeed, to be in a Liverpool office all day, but the evenings remained free; and when I had left the caravan, after one of these short tours, at some distance from my base, I would run backwards and forwards to her for several days, bringing her each evening a short stage nearer home. This sort of Jekyll and Hyde existence—spending the day at an office desk, and the long summer evening in country lanes in the heart of Cheshire—would sometimes continue for the best part of a week, simplified by moving along near one or other of the railways. And then there came a time when I formed a stationary camp in Wirrall, and went backwards and forwards to my wheeled house every day.

Cheshire is in every respect a fine caravanning county, and I think the "old Chester road" is the finest I have ever travelled on. Nearly all my little journeys started from and brought me back to it; and however far afield I might be when I struck it, I knew my difficulties were then over, promptly hopped up, and put the horse to a trot. The road now carries a tremendous traffic of bicycles and motors, and even in those days one was hardly so "far from the madding crowd" as could have been wished; but once I remember a glorious march in which I had it all to myself.

Easter is too early in the year for caravanning, but my enthusiasm would not let me be idle, when I had some four or five days' holiday on hand. So I had made my plans to start on the Thursday afternoon, without a thought of the weather, and set to work to organise my equipment. Everything seemed to be

against that tour. I had been making some alterations in the bedroom, and the new beds had not arrived up till the last moment; the friend who was to accompany me was somewhere on the Continent, and I had no reason to believe that he would arrive in time; the weather even for March was quite unreasonably impossible, and two days before I started I heard with infinite regret of the death of my old comrade-in-arms, Black Jim, the horse. From the beginning I had never used any other horse than Jim. He, too, lived a sort of Jekyll and Hyde existence, for I met him from time to time in the Liverpool streets, hauling, or assisting to haul, a four-ton load of bales of cotton. The stars in their courses seemed to war against me. But when the Thursday came, came also warm breezes from the South, and the beds for the caravan, and Penelope Ann to take the place of Jim; and at last my friend arrived, only some four hours behind his time. It was already dusk; any man of sense would have waited for the light of another day. But the caravanner is not quite a man of sense, and he has always abundance of faith. It was a perfect evening, and



W. Muir.

## AN HOSPITABLE FARM.

Copyright.



all was ready. We trimmed the lamps, took a hasty tea, and away. And we were amply rewarded. As we turned on to the old Chester road, the Easter moon came up; the air was warm and still; we opened wide the panels at the front, and went on and on into the night, sitting on deck chairs and marvelling that men should dwell in cities. At last it became necessary to think of a camp. We had come about eighteen miles, and it was already very late; but I have a farmer friend near Broxton, whose interest in the caravan was such that he thought little of turning out with a lantern to welcome us, and to help us to negotiate gates and to find a refuge for the night. It is not very easy or comfortable camping after dark, but there is a pleasurable excitement the following morning in finding out what manner of place one is in. Again the next day we camped late, this time in rain; for we could by no means get away from that hospitable farm till we had waited to "pick a bit o' dinner" with our friends. Our course lay through Whitchurch to Ellesmere, and there we spent the Sunday in charming surroundings, and on Monday crossed over into Wales.

Wales, or the part of it which I have explored, is not very well suited to caravanning. With the exception of a few main roads, one is continually labouring among hills, and for some reason unknown to me, the Welsh field gate is curiously and abominably narrow, so that many promising camps are shut off—so near and yet so far—for want of proper access to them. I admit also to nursing some grudge against the Welsh, who always seemed to regard me with a suspicious eye; and one depends very much upon the hospitality of the people. But some noble tours I have had in Wales, nevertheless. Well do I know the road from Chester to Wrexham, and on through Gresford to Llangollen, where again we had great difficulty in camping, for there is no accessible level ground within a mile of the town. And once I set out for Holyhead, right across North Wales, and never reached my destination, for the tour ended in disaster. I had somehow contrived to get a chill, and found one evening that I had a temperature of 103deg., and was feeling far from well.



W. Muir.

## A HALT BY THE WAY.

Copyright.

The following day was quite the worst, indeed the only bad, day that I ever spent in a caravan. My companion rose nobly to the occasion. He insisted on keeping me in bed (and, indeed, I was in no case to get up), and strove valiantly (and unsuccessfully) to manufacture beef-tea or arrowroot, or some fitting viand for me. I know not what his intentions were, but the result was a solid little block, not unlike a ship's biscuit. But I am ungrateful to recall his failure, for elsewhere he succeeded admirably, carrying out a very difficult march over a rough and hilly road, and delivering me at the door of his own house, in one of the towns on the North Coast. He told me afterwards that he had had three horses up one precipitous hill; and judging by the incessant grinding of the "slipper" beneath my unhappy head, it was equally steep on the further side.

But the greater part of my logs relate to tours in Scotland. Long before I had a caravan of my own, I accompanied a fine old campaigner, one of the very first to adopt caravanning, in a magnificent tour across Scotland from Oban to the East Coast. I remember well the gigantic Sam—I fancy he stood about 17h.—and his method of taking those terrible Highland hills,



W. Muir.

## THE GATEWAY SAFELY PASSED.

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which was the same as that adopted, they say, by the Devil when he went across Athlone, namely, in "standing leaps."

But for the last few years my caravanning energies have been devoted entirely to the South of Scotland, and I do not believe there is a finer country for the purpose in the world. The roads are not always easy, but, with proper consideration of one's route, one can reach almost anywhere. The valleys of the Annan, Nith, Esk, Yarrow, and Ettrick are dotted over with memorable camping-places, sometimes 1,000ft. above the sea, on the grand expanse of purple moors; sometimes nestling in by the water-side, sheltered by the woods that rise from the river to the skyline; sometimes by a lonely moorland loch. The tour on which these pictures were taken was one of the best of all. Starting from Moffat on a dark, damp day, we made only ten miles up the steep Moffat Water valley, and camped at the watershed at the cottage of Birkhill—famous among fishermen. On the following day we skirted St. Mary's Loch, clear and blue and sparkling in the sun, and made our way down Yarrow water and over into Ettrick, and thence down the valley of the Esk—fifty-six miles without seeing a railway, and among sheep farms all the way. It is a nice point how many thousands of sheep we passed in fifty miles. This is a grand country; indeed, all the South of Scotland is well worth exploring, whether one goes further east down the kindly valley of the Tweed, or to the west along the rugged coast of Galloway, a land of huge bullocks and grand scenery.

I fear I have said little of adventures. Perhaps it is better to leave it to the reader to go and seek them for himself. But there is one peril that I would advise him, by taking thought, to avoid—that of being blown over. Triumph has only come over once, when she was empty, and then she fortunately struck a tree and sidled quietly to the ground. But it is an unpleasant reflection, in an exposed position in a gale, when one lies luxuriously in bed, at a distance of some 8ft. from the ground, that at any moment one may be precipitated on to one's head. There was a Sunday morning once, about 3 a.m., that these reflections visited my pillow, and not without good reason. The caravan was swaying and creaking dismally. When would she begin to lift on the windward side? I did not wait to see, but spent the rest of the night in torrents of rain under the open sky. It only remains to state that I have added to my equipment two strong stays with iron pegs attached, and now my craft is well prepared to weather any gale. BERTRAM SMITH.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### WILD LIFE AND MOTOR-CARS.

THE way in which wild animals, like the domesticated, can adapt themselves to new conditions is strikingly shown by the behaviour of the birds and animals of the country roads towards motor-cars. Just as the horses of our cities have become accustomed to the machines that used to terrify them half a decade ago, so the wild things are growing familiar with the innovation, and, according as their nature prompts, are either contemptuous of the passing cars or keep well away from them. Some six years ago I did a good deal of motoring in some of the remoter parts of England, especially in Yorkshire and in Cornwall; and at that time cars were still so few in number that in many villages, even in some towns of fair size, we were told that ours was the first car that had been seen. To stop anywhere without attracting a curious crowd of idlers was impossible. Barely a horse that one met but showed signs of bolting. At least one driver out of every three, and practically every horseman, signalled to us to stop before daring to pass; and no morning or afternoon went by without some occupant of the car having to alight several times to help to lead nervous animals past the terrifying object. A car excited more interest then on the Great North Road than would be the case to-day in the remotest country lane in the kingdom.

### THE UNEXPECTED CAR.

Similarly, if one was interested, one saw a curious amount of wild life. The bicycle has been credited—wrongly, of course—with having "rediscovered" the badger as a wild animal in England. The badger, like other wild things, was accustomed to horse-drawn vehicles and to human beings on foot. It knew how fast they moved, and had grown adept at always being out of sight when they came by. But the bicycle—noiseless, looking like a foot passenger, yet travelling faster than a cart or carriage—puzzled them; so the bicyclist, wheeling rapidly along the country roads, came unexpectedly upon all sorts of episodes in the lives of the wild things which he would never have seen if walking, or if carried or drawn by a horse. So it was in the early days of motor-cars. What particularly impressed me six years ago was the number of rats and stoats and weasels one saw in the day's run, as well as the anxiety which hedgehogs showed to come out in the early dusk into the middle of the road to be run over—possibly in the hope of puncturing the tyres. Twice in one morning, running through "The Dukeries," we surprised stoats carrying rabbits across the road. The animals—weasels, stoats, rats, and hedgehogs—measuring their opportunities undoubtedly by the speed of the vehicles to which they were accustomed, would start to cross the road, thinking that there was plenty of time, and be caught halfway over.

### CARS AS CATERPILLAR EXTERMINATORS.

In all the talk that is going on of the spoiling of hedges by the dust from motor-cars, I have not seen that any sympathy has yet been extended to the insect-life of the roadsides. But it is probable that caterpillars, for instance, must suffer more than any vegetable. Their spiracles—the breathing orifices down their sides—would seem to make them very vulnerable to

injury from dust; while it must at least be unpleasant to have one's daily food dust-coated. As caterpillars are themselves only engaged in devouring the leaves and, therefore, injuring the hedges, however, there is no especial reason why we should object to their being incommoded; and it is even possible that cars may do more good by killing caterpillars than they can do harm by hurting hedges. But the particular example that has called my attention to the subject is the case of a nest of young tortoiseshell butterfly caterpillars, which live on nettles, and as nobody objects to the consumption of nettles by any agency whatsoever, there can be no good reason for wishing ill to tortoiseshell caterpillars. But this particular nest was a simply deplorable spectacle. There has been no rain now for some eight days, and cars are plentiful. The misguided mother tortoiseshell had laid her eggs on a patch of nettles by the side of a main motoring road, and the web in which the young caterpillars have to do their best to live (I am bound to say that they seemed to be making a success of it in spite of all difficulties) was no more than an almost solid globe of road-dust, weighing down the heads of the nettles to which it was attached till, when the first rain-storm comes converting the dust into mud, it must, I imagine, drag the whole thing to the ground together. In a generation or two, tortoiseshell butterflies will probably acquire the habit of always laying their eggs on nettles which grow on the other side of the hedge.

### THE "BRITISH" CAMBERWELL BEAUTY AGAIN.

IN COUNTRY LIFE of June 2nd a correspondent, signing himself "L. G.," referred to my remarks on the British Camberwell Beauty, mentioning a typically "British" specimen, so far as colouring was concerned, though without the characteristic breadth of wing, taken near Aix-la-Chapelle, and asked if I have seen similar examples. No, but it has been stated that Continental specimens do sometimes approximate so closely to, as to be almost indistinguishable from, the British type. I do not think, however, that it has ever been claimed that the British Camberwell Beauty is a distinct species, or anything more than a variety; and very interesting experiments recently made in the breeding of different species of butterflies in varying temperatures have shown that well-recognised local varieties (in some cases even such varieties as have been accepted as separate species) can be produced from the same original stock. A "Country Note" in this paper at the time suggested that it was not impossible, by following up this clue, that the lost Dispar, or Large Copper, might be re-evolved; and it is not difficult to see how some peculiar climatic or other conditions, operating on a single brood, or even on a single specimen, of Camberwell Beauty somewhere in Europe or America, might, even in a state of Nature, produce at least a colourable imitation of the British type. Such instances, however, would constitute no argument against the existence of the British type as a recognised variety, especially if, as in the case cited by "L. G.," the imitation was still only "colourable," and did not extend to the peculiarity of shape.

### DOUBLE-BROODED MOTHS.

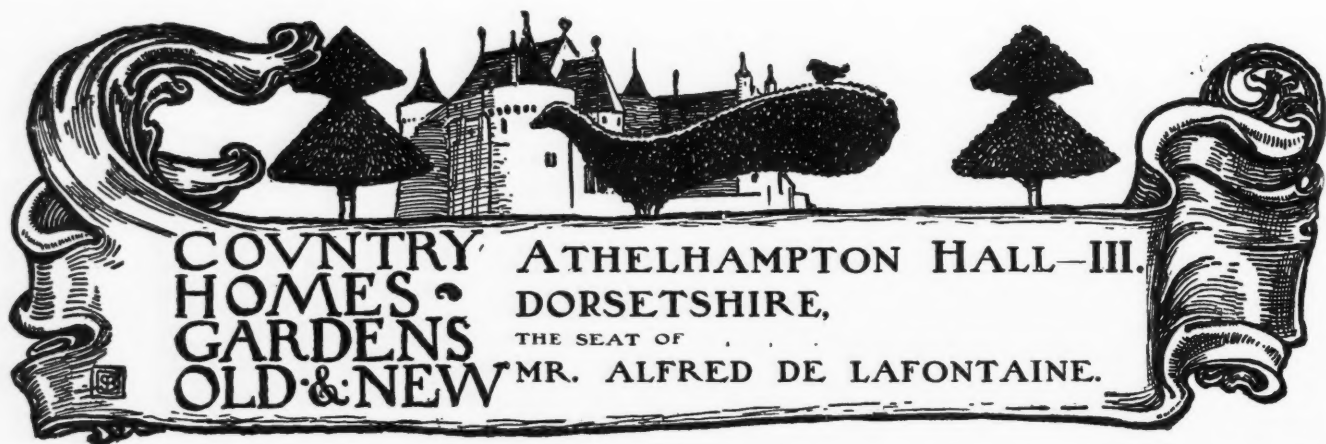
Another correspondent, in the preceding issue of COUNTRY LIFE, Mr. O. H. Latter, challenges the accuracy of some remarks of mine in regard to the Poplar Hawk Moth, which, as noted by several collectors, appeared last year in a second generation in the same summer. Mr. Latter quotes the late C. G. Barrett to the effect that the Poplar Hawk is "regularly double-brooded," and gracefully adds that it "would border on impertinence" if he—Mr. Latter—were to add his testimony to "that of this high authority." I should immensely dislike to appear impertinent, and it seems absurd that there should be any difference of opinion about so common and well-known an insect as the Poplar Hawk; but, at least provisionally, I doubt the correctness of Mr. Barrett's statement. I confess that it is twenty years since I took the trouble to breed Poplar Hawks, but I believe the fact to be that the moth emerges normally in June (even as early as late May), and continues to emerge thereafter nearly all through the summer, at least until the end of August, and, perhaps, into September. A freshly-hatched specimen in the last-named month I should expect to be of the same brood as a specimen which emerged in June. It would, I confess, be a surprise to me if either in a state of Nature or in captivity (without forcing) a second brood were normally produced in the same summer.

### AN EXCEPTIONAL YEAR.

Last year, owing apparently to the unusual mildness of the autumn, a number of cases seem to have occurred wherein the eggs laid by moths hatched in June produced perfect insects again in September or October—the progeny of that brood pre-umably having to hibernate in the egg stage. This I believe (in company with the other collectors, who thought the facts worth reporting) to be unusual. Among other moths, not, so far as I know, ordinarily double-brooded, which were reported to have done the same thing last year, were the common Tiger, the Oak Eggar, the White Ermine, the Lesser Swallow Prominent (*N. dictooides*), and the common Yellow Underwing (*Pronuba*). It may be that second broods of a good many insects are more frequent than we suppose, but the great number of similar reports from independent observers last year points to some striking irregularity, and I have no desire to change my remarks from the form in which they were written.

### ELEPHANT HAWKS AND NASTURTIUMS.

It is not my business to defend from criticism other contributors to COUNTRY LIFE, who are, doubtless, well able to take care of themselves, but Mr. Latter also attacks the excellently posed photograph of the Elephant Hawk Moth at the nasturtium blossom (in the same issue), saying: "I am a little astonished that the Elephant Hawk Moth was on the wing at the time when the nasturtium was in bloom." Mr. Latter is easily astonished. Referring to my diary for last year (1905), I find the entry of the first Elephant Hawk Moth of the season taken (in my own garden) on June 13th. On June 14th, it happens absurdly enough, is the note "First nasturtium blossom"—in the same garden. The Elephant Hawk was a beautiful, freshly emerged specimen, and it is evident that if I had delayed catching him for twenty-four hours the nasturtium would have been in bloom. As a matter of fact, the Elephant Hawks—both species—are "on the wing at the time when the nasturtium is in bloom," for about two months or ten weeks every year. Whether Elephant Hawks ever visit nasturtiums or not is another matter; but I have seen them hover over almost every blossom open in a garden. Among other flowers, not, I think, commonly mentioned as favourites of theirs, they are very fond of sweet-williams. H. P. R.



**A**THELHAMPTON HALL, the house upon which the old Martyns of Athelhampton had lavished so much care and cost, was found by its present lord, Mr. de Lafontaine, in part ruinous, in part lying wretched with long neglect. The bones of a beautiful house remained to be clad, and it is remarkable that such a hall set in a pleasant country-side should have been so long disregarded at a time when all accessible parts of England were being searched for ancient homes for those who find in a newly-built country house something garish and disturbing. The loss of its famous gatehouse may have had something to do with the neglect of Athelhampton, for the hall was known to architects chiefly by

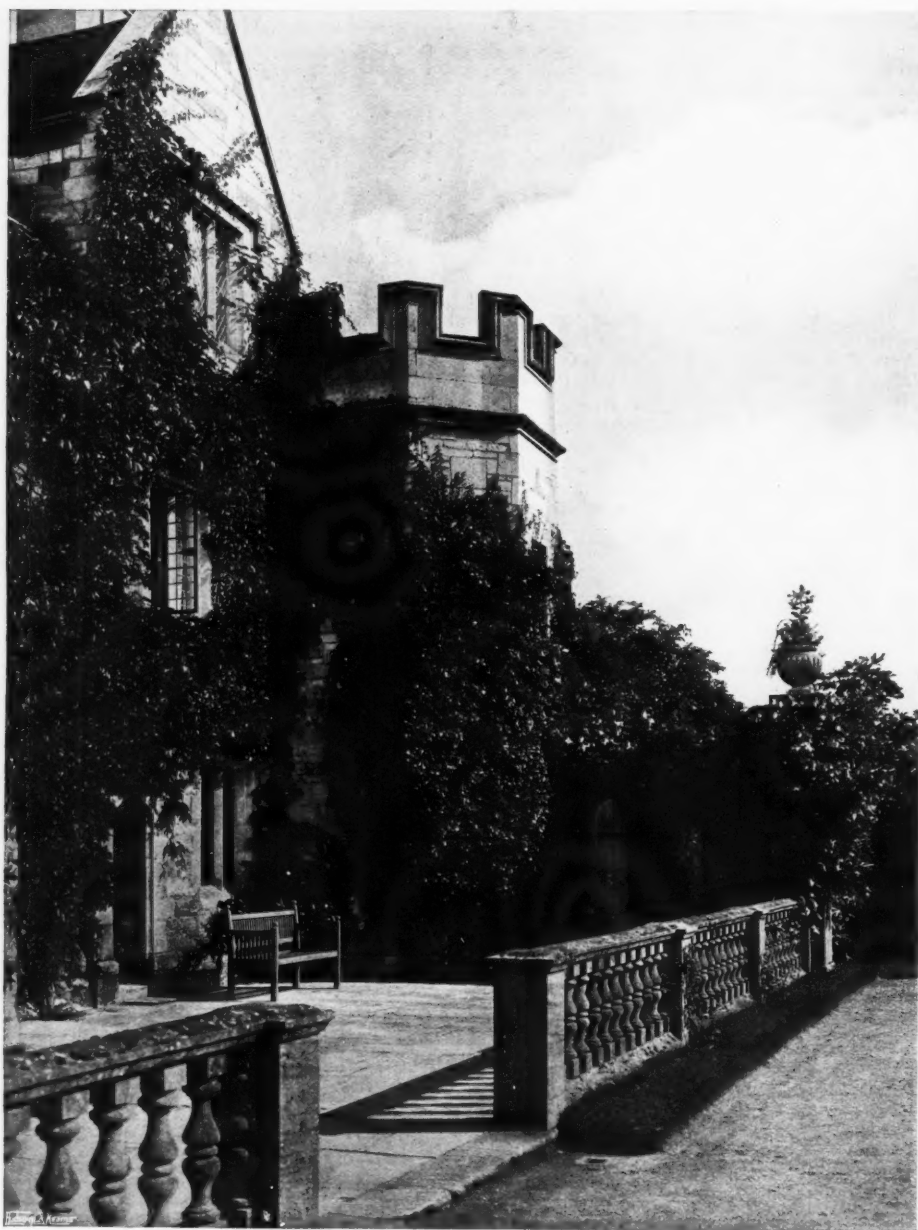
illustrations of the gatehouse, and when that fell through rustic barbarism, few remembered that the hall itself had been respited.

Certainly the approach to the hall did not invite the stranger. The "gardens and gallant groves" in which the Martyns and the Brunes once took their disport had disappeared utterly. Athelhampton Hall, once the home of rich knights and squires, was working for its living as a shabby farmhouse, like an old charger in the shafts of a hay-wain. Old photographs remain to show the untended surroundings of a house which had outlived its lovers.

The sinking of the whole ground level about the hall was Mr. de Lafontaine's first work, for the gathering mould of ages

had left the house in a hollow. This was no light task for the spade, but now that it has been achieved the hall floor is dry as its layers left it, and no winter night's alarm calls the servants to the chilly work of baling flood water out of the hall. Lawns, terraces, and walled gardens are all Mr. de Lafontaine's work. Forty thousand tons of the reddish Ham Hill stone went to make the walls and terraces now standing where were cowsheds and ruinous stables and linn-hays, and already the soft Dorsetshire air has mellowed the masonry. Flowerbeds and shrubs and young trees flourish upon the old waste, and few would believe that our picture of the Privy Garden is one of a garden which has not grown always beside the old house whose gables and chimneys show themselves over the wall. The West Court with its sunk lawn gives the hall one of those sheltered walks which did so much to keep life in the old and frail in the days when this old house was new. In the left corner of this picture we have the round roof of the dovecote, or culver-house, a cote which marks well the rank of the home besides which it stands. This seigneurial dovecote is, of course, ancient work of the Martyns, and is notable as being still furnished with the original revolving ladder by which the birds' nests were reached. The doves, besides giving some measure of winter meat to the house, were here to feed the many hawks which such lords as the Martyns would maintain in their hawk-mews. Such a dovecote has a long history, for it was a building of sufficient rank to be named when the escheator's jury essayed to ascertain the value of the houses and lands which a dead tenant of the King had held in chief.

Our pictures of the Athelhampton garden front show the turret and gable, rebuilt by Mr. de Lafontaine after a fashion which brings them into line with the old work, the grass plots and bedded flowers, the clipped yews and spreading cedars. The old chapel of Athelhampton fell with the great gatehouse; but though the Martyns may have maintained a chaplain to serve the altar here, they were married and buried in the



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TO THE PRIVY GARDEN.

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THE SOUTH GABLE.

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THE PRIVY GARDEN

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church of St. Mary of Puddletown, which lies between Athelhampton and Dorchester. In this church the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene was theirs, a chapel where Martyns lie generation by generation, a rare nest of ancestors in stone and brass. A knight and lady of the thirteenth century are the oldest of the company, the lady in a long mantle and her lord clad throughout in ringed mail. He is shown in that likeness of armed and wakeful rest beloved by the sculptors of his age, his right hand upon the sword pommel, his surcoat thrown back to free the knees. Other tombs are seen in our picture of the Martyn Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene. Under the mullions of the chapel's south window is a deep niche with an ogival arch, and under the latter a rich tomb of a knight of the end of the fourteenth century. His head is covered by a pointed basinet with chain camail. A shield is braced on his left arm, and his short and close coat with dagged edges is secured over his hips by one of those massive and richly-wrought belts which are characteristic of his age. Look in the midmost panel of the tomb on which he lies and you will see that rare thing, an image of the Holy Rood that has escaped the Puritan's axe and hammer. Thrust more towards the foreground of our picture of the chapel is the altar tomb of a Martyn and his lady, set up near to the end of the Wars of the Roses. He has suffered sadly from smashing ruffianism, and from the busy pocket-knives of generations of Piddletown boys who have in the past sat out long sermons in his neighbourhood. His arms have been broken off close to his shoulders, but the lines of his armour remain beautiful in spite of many injuries, the armour of the end of the Gothic age, the most beautiful



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THE BACK OF THE STABLES.

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expression of the armourer's art. In these plates the strong man moved as lithe as a serpent in his scales. A full suit of plates this, save for the standard of mail at the neck, and the few visible inches of the mail skirt. The sword-belt is studded with rose buttons. His head, with the hair cut square on the forehead, rests on a cushion, and a chipped shape crouching at his feet must have been the chained monkey of the Martyns.

If you ask why Martyn of Athelhampton bore an ape for his crest, remember that at the second naming of the beasts and birds, when the hare was called Wat, the fox Reynard, the pie Mag, and the daw Jack, the ape was

given Martin for his name, and as Martin he comes into the great beast epic of the Middle Ages. Therefore Martyn chose him for his cognisance, bearing him as proudly as others bore lions or falcons, and the old word of the Martyns said, "He who looks at Martyn's ape, Martyn's ape shall look at him." He is a long-limbed knight, this Martyn, but a little lady shares his rest lying on his right hand. Her hair is caught up in a netted caul, and her dress is close bodied with long sleeves. The side of the tomb is rich with angels holding shields once painted with the Martyn alliances. Some traces of gilding and colour are here to remind us that the carvers of alabaster never left their figures in white purity, but coloured and gilded every inch. Such a tomb new finished must have glowed like a jewel in the shadowy places of a church. The chapel opens to the nave under a broad arch, which covered yet another altar tomb whose Purbeck stone is joined to the west pier of the arch. This tomb has a canopy of four octagonal pillars supporting a cornice with a traceried frieze. Here is another maimed effigy of a knight of somewhat later date than the warrior with the broken arms. The broken ape crest on his helm, and another like beast still more shattered beside his feet, show a Martyn



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ST. MARY'S, PUDDLETOWN.

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"THEIR GOOD SWORDS ARE RUST,  
THEIR SOULS ARE WITH THE SAINTS, WE TRUST."

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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OUTSIDE THE GREAT PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Athelhampton. He is armed with sword and dagger, and about his neck is the Yorkist collar of two suns and roses.

Two curious brasses carry on the Martyn history. The first is a square-cornered plate upon which a Martyn kneels in armour, the armorial bars of his house upon his coat and sleeves. In the corner is a Trinity so rudely graven that the dove is not to be found. An inscription in rude verse tells us that here lies the body of Christopher Martyn, esquire, son and heir unto Sir William, urging us to pray for their souls:

Callyng to remembraunce that every wyght  
Most nedys dye and therfor lett us pray  
As other for us may do a nother day.

The second brass is one which shows Nicholas, the last Martyn who reigned at Athelhampton, kneeling at a prayer-desk with his wife, Margaret Wadham, and their three sons and seven daughters. Sir John Brune, son of Elizabeth, eldest of the surviving daughters, came at last to live at Athelhampton Hall. His monument, set up by John Brune, his nephew and heir, is on the chapel wall.

The old church of Puddletown is known to many thousands who have never heard its name, for it is the parish church in "Far From the Madding Crowd," whose author lives not far away. Its music gallery is an illustration to Mr. Hardy's novels of Wessex village life. A gallery in which the players tuned bass-viol, flute, clarinet, and serpent until modern innovation, masquerading as a return to mediævalism, drove out their ancient company. The gallery has the date of 1635, and the

still older shield of arms of France and England was found at Weymouth, a relic of the carvings of a ship's poop. "Hither comest thou," says a Latin inscription, "not to be seen" (mark this, singers in new bonnets), "but to hear and to pray." The old oaken desks of the musicians remain, scored with names and dates of those who have made music here for more than 200 years.

## THE BIG FISH AT THE STUBS.

IT happened at Cambridge that some visitors calling on the master of one of the colleges were discussing with their hostess the works and personality of the late Bishop of Oxford, at that time Professor Stubbs, Regius Professor of Modern History in Oxford University. When the discussion was over and the visitors had gone, a little girl, daughter of the lady of the house, who had been an interested listener to the conversation, asked reflectively, "Mother, what are stubs?"

It is curious what different associations the same word can conjure up, both for the same person and for different persons. For my own part, the word "stubbs" or "stubs," and the name and writings of the great historian and late Bishop of Oxford, never are mentioned in my hearing without suggesting to my mind both this scene in the Cambridge master's house, followed by the amusing question of the badly-puzzled child, and also a scene, widely different, on a trout stream, flowing now between flat water meadows, and now more tumultuously pent up between steep rocky banks. The stubs—the historical stubs—belonged rather to the former and more pastoral character of the river, and were, indeed, the artificial substitutes for the natural rocks confining the stream that were found in other parts, for their first purpose was to act as a support to the crumbling bank of clay where the attacks of the water threatened to demolish it. Even so, the stubs never would have become historical through any inherent virtue of their own. It was only because of the incidental circumstance that a big fish, a monster for that river, made them his lurking-place and home. Just as but for Shakespeare the world (*pace* Miss Corelli) would not have heard so much of Stratford-on-Avon, so, but for the Big Fish at the Stubs, the stubs themselves would not have had their place in story.

The day on which they found their way to such fame as the present voracious history may cast upon them was altogether an unpromising one—cold and dark, with a sky the tint of lead and a river the hue of iron. Not a fish was rising on the river, not a fly was moving to tempt fish to rise. It was the March Brown season, and on warmer days of the spring a rise of the fly had brought up a rise of the fish plentifully. As a rule, the birds were silent, although it was the time of their fullest song. Only the sandpipers passed up and down the river in quick flight, uttering their perpetual whistle, and the willow-wren, but lately arrived, repeated its sweet, feeble song as if in a kind of protest against the weather for being so unfriendly. The wind was cold and strong from the north-west. Not only were its strength and its temperature against any success in angling, but its direction was the least favourable of all. Even an easterly wind had been better, for the north-wester compelled a down-stream "chucking and chancing" that is condemned by any angler who presumes himself anything of an artist, even as artistic fishing is rated on the streams where the wet fly has its vogue. The fish have no delusions about the fly that we offer them this day. Why should they think—apart from the fact that the dark atmosphere has stolen away their appetite—that when no natural fly are coming down the stream, a thing of feather and of



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ORGAN LOFT IN ST. MARY'S

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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IV PUDDLETOWN CHURCH.

"C.L."

iron is a succulent treat? We cannot delude them without the natural flies as decoys, and for the present no natural flies are hatching out. On a day like this, if one can find a corner sheltered from the searching wind, one is not always angling. At whiles, for an hour together, one may sit awaiting the rise of fly, as one tells one's self; more truly out of sheer laziness and hopelessness of catching fish—much as *rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis*. A rise of fly would rise us, too, to our feet in the expectation of a rise of fish. But time passes, and none of the rises comes. It is beyond even the angler's power—which is great, for otherwise he would not be an angler—to hope for better things that day. Yet one never knows; and before going home let us pay one visit to that notable big fish of the river, black with age and villainy, who lives, as every angler on the river banks is aware, just where the stream goes round in a big bend and the stubs have been driven in to support the bank. It is just because of these stubs that the fish lives there. Had it not been for them he would have been creeled and eaten—or, if to be stuffed by a fish preserver is a more glorious destiny than being stuffed by a cook, be in a glass case as if he were living still. For always, as soon as he felt a hook prick his hardened lip, his habit has been to go with a dart among the stubs, and then, before the angler has realised what has happened, his gut is broken and the fish is away. That is the brief and repeated history of each attempt to deal with this dark-visaged rascal, of whom it is now said by some that he will rise to fly no longer, but has taken entirely to cannibal ways, preying on his own kind, or, at best, bottom feeding. All this, however, is contradicted by the fact that now and again, at long intervals, a fisher more skilful or more lucky than the rest does get a rise out of him, but always with the same swift and sure result of breakage among the ten thousand times accursed stubs. It is a sign of the hardened villainy of those stubs that they can continue to exist after all the swear words that have been said at them. Within a yard or so, I knew pretty well where the big fish would be lying. With the wind as it was, it was a difficult place to reach. The line went out well, but just as the fly should have alighted, a gust of wind, low over the surface of the water, caught it and threw it back, and the last foot or so of the cast fell in a tangled skein. I am aware that I cursed aloud. I am aware that as soon as my cast alighted, thus hopelessly confused upon the water, I began to draw it back, in the unhappy confidence that I had at once presented the fly to the fish in such a way that it was impossible for him to take it, and also in such a way as to inform him most distinctly that something connected

with the familiar pricking of his jaw was in the neighbourhood, and that it behoved him to keep a bright look-out. But even as I did draw it back, in the very act, I felt that delightful resistance that tells us we are into a fish. What the inducement could have been for the big fish to take a fly thus bunglingly offered to him I never have been able to conjecture. It is only to be supposed that it was the very novelty of seeing it thus encircled with a coil of gut that was attractive to him. It may at least have excited his curiosity, and then, once he had seized it, it is fairly certain that he never before had been saluted in so rough a fashion, although the taste of a steel hook was familiar enough to him; for it was, as I have said, in the very act of drawing the fly back, and that in no gentle or placid mood, that I struck the fish. I struck him, and the cast did not give. On these dark days, with a strong wind ruffling the water, there is no need to be delicate in the tackle. Still, that first and least-expected strike must have been a strain on it, but since it had stood that, I was confident that it would stand much. In spite of my surprise, I was not taken at a disadvantage, for was not this a moment often rehearsed in fancy—hardly with the presumption that it ever would be realised? There was but one course of action to adopt—to keep the fish, by all the force that the tackle would stand, from those fatal stubs that had so often before served the fish and the tackle-makers so well. I bore on him hardly, with all the strength I dared. Even so, I can scarcely think that he would have failed to make his point good, and to coil me, as he had coiled so many better men before me, round the stakes, and broken me, but that he, unlike me, perhaps, had not actually rehearsed the scene, but had done all that he had previously done by instinct, and for the present, moreover, was shocked with a surprise that had knocked his senses out of him, by the savage way in which my strike had driven the hook home into his jaw. He yielded, with that strange docility that a fish does now and then show at the first instant of being hooked, and before he has realised fully the gravity of his case. He yielded a few yards only, and then he came to his wits again, and the fight began; but those few yards were down-stream yards, and to me they were invaluable. He realised the situation fully now, and fought with desperate strength to regain the stubby fastness. About 3yds. he gained with a rush that made the rod bend double as I checked the reel as hard as I dared. But even he, strong and heavy as he was, could not maintain a rush against that force of the stream and the hold of my stout tackle besides. After his rush was stayed he still gained a foot or two further, with a steady persistent boring that showed his wonderful power, considering the forces that were opposed to him; but there still remained a good 3yds. between him and the nearest of the stubs, and gradually he gave up his effort and weakened. I would not grant him a chance nor a rest. The further I could lead him down away from the stubs so much the better for me and the worse for him. He seemed fully aware of the fact, and before I had brought him 5yds. down the stream he was away again with an up-stream rush, making for the old stronghold. This time his power was lessened. He was still many yards from the stubs when I checked his rush, and he jumped high out of the water, as if in despair at being foiled. I just had time to slack the line before he fell on the water again, and, getting in the slack, by a lift of the rod point, found him still as fast held as ever. Then, for the first time, I began really to believe that he was mine. Hitherto I had not dared to hope it. The prospect seemed too good altogether to be realised.

But I did realise it. After all, he was a fish of but one idea and of no imagination. His one idea was to get back to the stubs, which had always availed him so well hitherto, and when he found himself unable to do that he was at the end of all his resources. That single jump, at the end of his second run, was the one and only variation of the tactics of boring back towards the stubs. And that, provided the hook held, was a struggle that could have but one ending; and rather sooner than I expected the end came. All at once, as if he had given up hope, the big trout let me pull him in, like a dead weight, towards the bank. Still, I could hardly believe my fortune. I mistrusted his passivity, deeming it but a ruse of his ancient cunning to escape me at the last moment by taking me unawares. But no. He appeared fairly beat and wearied of the unequal struggle for life. He permitted me without resistance, without suspicion, to push the net gently under him and hoist his mighty bulk on land.

How much exactly that bulk was I shall not trouble to record; for these are figures that never receive credit, no matter how veracious the chronicler. Better to leave him, in the scale of size indicated by Mr. Jorrocks' "biggest fox wot iver was seen," to the imagination of the reader. But you may suppose that my luck in catching the notorious big fish of the river did not fail to excite a certain envy, that gave me much pleasure, among the angling population of the country-side; and another thing of which you may be certain is that in my descriptions of the capture I did not always precisely represent the manner of the cast that had enticed the Big Fish at the Stubs to take the fly.

## THE RINGED SNAKE AND THE SMOOTH SNAKE

TWO years ago I dealt in this journal with the variations in the markings of the viper or adder. I now propose to do the same with respect to our two harmless snakes—the ringed snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*) and the smooth snake (*Coronella austriaca*). Most books give as an infallible distinguishing mark of the ringed snake the presence of a yellowish white, bright yellow, or orange transverse marking close behind the head, bordered behind by a black patch. Now this yellow “collar,” or “ring,” although it appears to be absolutely constant in young specimens, may entirely disappear in adult females. Several such examples, from Hampshire and from Devonshire, are preserved in the Natural History Museum, and I have seen a good many more. The black transverse blotch on the neck is, however, always displayed in British specimens, although varying much in shape and size, sometimes extending right across the nape, or interrupted in the middle, sometimes produced forwards so as to divide the yellow “collar” in the middle. We shall see further on that exceptions occur in Continental specimens. The first photograph here given represents three adult specimens from England, natural size, the two upper figures showing the yellow marking at the back of the head; the bottom figure is one of a specimen without any yellow, and with the black patches on the nape reduced in size and widely interrupted in the middle. As allusion has been made to the sex in noticing these discrepancies from the ordinary type of coloration, it may be well to state how a female can be distinguished from a male. Although not so markedly as in the adder, the shape of the tail will furnish the information. Instead of tapering gradually from the base, as shown in the second photograph, the tail of the male (as shown in the third) is of equal calibre, or even somewhat swollen for some distance behind the vent, which is covered by a pair of enlarged shields. As the annexed figures also show, the tail is generally longer in males than in females, and the number of paired shields on its lower surface varies between sixty and eighty in the former, between



BRITISH RINGED SNAKES.

is nearly always the case in British examples, in which we find two rows of small spots along the back, and a series of bars along each side. The black collar-mark is formed by the fusion of the spots of all the series.

fifty and seventy in the latter. Dr. Leighton, in his little book on “British Serpents,” is quite mistaken in giving sixty-five pairs of shields as the maximum on an intact tail of this snake, as it is almost the minimum reached by females. The female specimen here figured has only fifty-seven pairs. Females attain a greater size than males; giants of 4ft. or over, as occasionally occur in this country, are invariably females. The largest British specimen I have seen measures only 44½ in., and was caught in Wales; but Mr. Aflalo has recorded one of 5ft. 8in. from the New Forest, while from Southern Europe an example 6½ft. long is known.

The ground colour of the upper parts varies from a pale grey to dull green, olive brown, or blackish brown, the lower parts being dark grey or black, or checkered black and white or grey. The evolution of the black markings on the body of the ringed snake conforms to the law which I have mentioned in dealing with the adder. In what may be regarded as the most primitive pattern of markings, the black spots are disposed with great regularity in eight longitudinal series—four on the back, two on each side, the spots alternating in what is called a quincuncial arrangement. The side spots usually fuse to form vertical bars; this



TAIL OF MALE.



TAIL OF FEMALE.

The Rev. O. P. Cambridge has described and figured a curious specimen, found by him on Bloxworth Heath in Hampshire, the upper parts of which were of a uniform pale whitish colour, with a well-defined broad longitudinal central dorsal pale yellow-brown band; no trace of the yellow ring at the back of the head was visible. A somewhat similar semi-albino, yellowish, with the markings reddish brown, from Horsted Keynes in Sussex, was sent to the Natural History Museum by Miss Benson. A very remarkable variety, of which numbers may be seen in shops dealing with live animals, and of which escaped specimens have now and then been captured in this country, is the variety *persa*, or *bilineata*, characterised by a yellowish or whitish streak along each side of the back, between the black markings, which can be noted in the upper figure in the fourth picture. It is a native of Italy, South-Eastern Europe, and South-Western Asia. Another variety,



from Corsica and Sardinia, is the *Natrix cettii* (middle figure), with the black spots much enlarged, and forming more or less regular bands across the body; the yellow collar has disappeared, and the black patch behind it does not differ from the bars on the body.

In the variety *astreptophorus* (lower figure), from Spain, the yellow and black markings on the nape, which are present in the young, disappear altogether in the adult. In this variety the belly is usually grey with a broad black median stripe. These examples, which are illustrated from specimens in the Natural

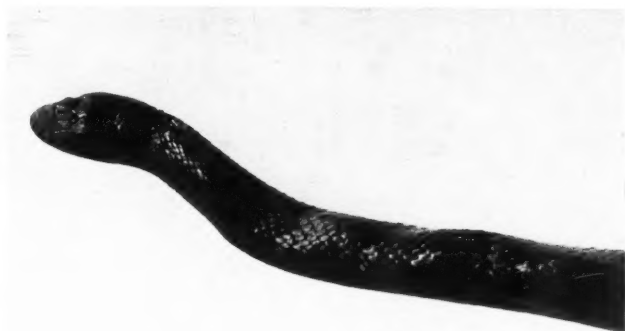


SOUTH EUROPEAN RINGED SNAKES.

History Museum, suffice to show to what an enormous extent the markings may vary within the limits of one well-defined species.

Such a range of variation is by no means an unusual thing in snakes, many of these forms having originally been described as distinct species, which cannot be maintained on account of the numerous intermediate types which connect them.

The smooth snake, of which the head and neck are represented on the fifth photograph, derives its name from the absence of a raised line or keel on the back, which characterises



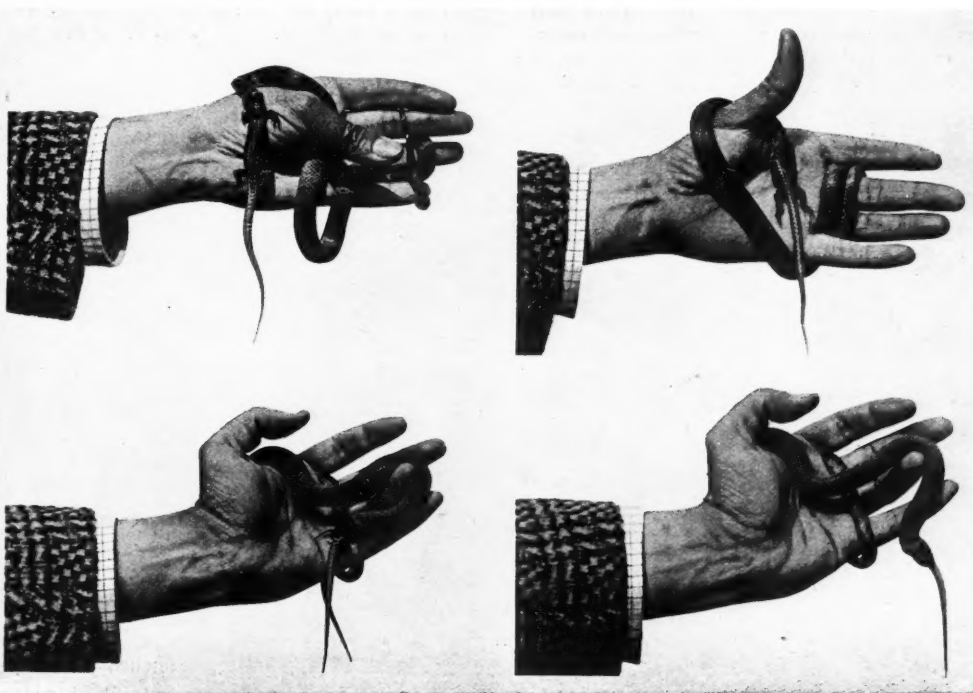
SMOOTH SNAKE.

the ringed snake, and which is also present in the adder. It is a rare British species, first discovered in Hampshire in 1858, and since found in Dorsetshire, Berkshire, and the western parts of Surrey. British specimens do not exceed a length of 28 in. The colour is greyish or reddish brown above, brick-red, purplish, or blackish beneath. This coloration gives it a certain resemblance to the viper, for which it is frequently mistaken; but the pattern of markings, which vary from reddish brown to black, is very different.

There are usually four series of small spots along the body, one pair on the back and one on each side; a dark blotch on the back of the head frequently sends off two branches, which may be confluent with the series of dorsal spots, whilst a dark streak runs along each side of the head, passing through the eye, and terminates at the angle of the jaws, or may be continued along the neck, joining the lateral series of spots. In some specimens the dorsal spots join across the spine, forming cross-bars. In a specimen from Vienna, the head streaks are continued along a considerable part of the body, and the median pair enclose dark cross-bars which produce a ladder-like pattern on the back. This variety has been called *parietalis*, on account of a pair of small, light, dark-edged spots on the parietal shields, which cover the occiput. It also frequently happens that the middle line of the back assumes a pale yellowish colour, bordered on each side by a dark brown band, thus giving the snake a striated appearance. Melanism, which is well known in the ringed snake, must be of rare occurrence in the smooth snake. I have never seen such a melano, but Mr. William Penny has noted the occurrence near Poole of two specimens of a black variety.

One of the most readily observable differences between our harmless snakes and the adder resides in the shape of the pupil of the eye, which is round in the former and contracted to a vertical slit in the latter. It is therefore unfortunate that an otherwise excellent figure of the smooth snake, published by the Rev. O. P. Cambridge in the

Proceedings of the Dorset Natural History Club for 1886, should represent the snake with a vertical pupil. Although very ready to bite when first caught, the smooth snake is easily tamed. M. R. Rollinat, a distinguished French naturalist, who has devoted many years to the study of the habits of reptiles, pronounces it to be the most intelligent of the snakes of Central Europe. We here reproduce a series of



SMOOTH SNAKE FEEDING ON WALL LIZARD.

photographs showing the snake feeding on a wall-lizard while in the hand of M. Rollinat. As observed by this gentleman, the key to the art of taming snakes, and, we might add, most other animals, is to show no fear. They should be handled gently, but without hesitation, and if one does not seem to mind a bite they soon drop their ferocity. The ringed snake hardly ever bites.

The food of the smooth snake consists mainly of lizards, although occasionally it will swallow a slow-worm, a smaller snake, or a vole or mouse. In this country the common or viviparous lizard constitutes its chief diet. It has been believed, from the community of habitat, to show a predilection for the sand-lizard; but adult sand-lizards are, as a rule, too large a prey for the smooth snake, and I doubt whether it makes any distinction between the young of that species and a common lizard

of similar size. No case is known of its taking batrachians of any kind. It is a constrictor, suffocating or crushing its prey in the coils of its body before proceeding to swallow it. In all these respects it differs from the ringed snake, which feeds almost exclusively on frogs and toads, which it seizes in its jaws and swallows, regardless of their struggles and screams. The smooth snake is viviparous, or rather ovoviviparous. The embryo is surrounded by a thin, transparent envelope, which it ruptures immediately on leaving the body of the mother, in this respect resembling the adder, the slow-worm, and the common lizard; while our two other reptiles, the common or ringed snake and the sand-lizard, lay eggs protected by a tough, parchment-like shell, which do not hatch until long after they are laid. The brood consists of six to twelve young, measuring 5 in. or 6 in. at birth.

G. A. BOULENGER.

## JERSEYS IN JERSEY.—II.

IN continuation of our remarks in the issue of June 9th, it ought to be said that in the island there is a considerable amount of dissent from the usual judgment of English breeders in the choice of bulls. It is commonly said there that the island bull, though he may not come up to the standard of points required in English agricultural shows, is much more likely to beget good progeny than the bull which is most used in this country. No doubt many of our most favoured ideas in regard to breeding require reconsideration. The show has been allowed to have far too much influence with breeders, and the consequence is a want of trustworthiness in our breeding. That is to say, an animal shows what appears to be at sight a very excellent pedigree, and yet when mated with a promising cow the result is not satisfactory. The only cure for this is to select stud animals by their performances. Not only is it necessary to breed from a good milking strain, but the heifers chosen ought to be out of good milking mothers. It is just as essential that the bull should come of a lineage distinguished by its milking qualities. If this is not attended to, there can be no dependence on the result. Among the illustrations given in to-day's article will be found a photograph of the island bull Noble, who will be found well worthy of study by those interested in Jersey breeding. It is a matter of common knowledge that in Great Britain the Jersey will begin to deteriorate in the third or fourth generation, and so the best herds are constantly recruited from the islands. It is, therefore, well worthy of consideration whether the falling off cannot be obviated by choosing such bulls as are



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preferred in the island itself. The whole of the animals shown on these pages will, we think, be found worthy of attention. They are from the herd of Mr. John A. Perrée, Oaklands, St. Saviours. Mr. Perrée's herd is said to be the largest pedigree herd on the island. Started some twelve years ago by the purchase of good individuals only of reliable pedigree, it is not surprising that Oaklands is now famous as the headquarters of the best blood known in the Jersey world. All breeders of this pretty and useful cow know how the late Mr. J. P. Marett, by perseverance and hard work, produced the famous Sultanne family,

many of whose members have found their way to England, America, and elsewhere, and have helped to make the breed famous. Mr. Marett was even better known as the breeder of the celebrated bull Golden Lad, a name which is well known and appreciated wherever Jerseys are kept. Mr. J. P. Marett was succeeded by his eldest son, Mr. John A. Marett, also deceased, whose career as a breeder, though of short duration, was equally as successful as his father's. Owing to ill-health, and unable to attend to his herd as he would have wished, Mr. J. A. Marett sold to Mr. Perrée several of his best animals, including the now world-renowned bull Flying Fox and the heifer Sultanne's Snowdrop. These two animals made Mr. Perrée's herd, already well known, leap into fame. Flying Fox, after having been used with great success for many years, was sold to the United States, where, shortly after his arrival, he fetched £1,500 at auction. Sultanne's Snowdrop was also sold to the United States at a high figure, but not until she had left a daughter by Flying Fox,



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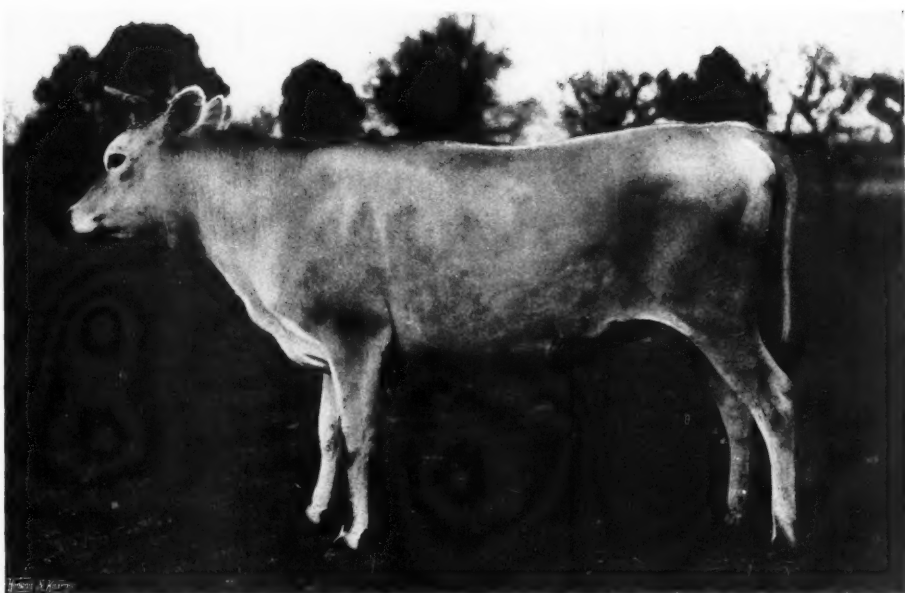
SULTAN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



and a son by Agatha's Flying Fox, in the Oaklands stable. The son referred to is Sultan of Oaklands, of whom a photograph appears on a previous page; he was winner of first prize in a strong class at the recent island show, and a finer bull it would be difficult to find. We also saw several other young members of the Sultanne family, dark coloured and very promising. Mr. Perrée said, "I pinned my faith on the Marett blood, and I have not had cause to be sorry; on the contrary, I am highly satisfied with the results." Mr. Perrée then showed us three beautiful cows of the Oxford family, also originally bred by the Messrs. Marett, from whom Lord Rothschild bought several cows, including Oxford Dahlia, too well known in England to need comment. Mr. Perrée considers that the best animal he has bred is the bull Flying Fox, referred to already, who was placed first whenever shown, as was also his dam Agatha, the latter also winning laurels several times in butter tests. Three daughters of the last-named bull are in the herd, and for beauty of outline and perfection of udder development we think they are unequalled. The older cows are all by fashionable sires; four are by Golden Lad, one by Trial, two by Golden Fern's Lad—all having won distinction in either the show-ring or butter tests. No wonder that the young stock, the progeny of such cows by equally celebrated sires, looked so promising. In the few years that it has been shown the herd has won three large silver cups, several medals in the butter tests, seven championships, innumerable first prizes and sweepstakes, and countless other honours. Unlike other breeders on the island, Mr. Perrée cuts all the hay, straw, and roots for his stock by machinery, and, after mixing, it is fed three or four times a day, when the cake is added. The milk is made into butter under the most modern methods, and finds a ready sale in the local market.

We have described this herd at some length, in the belief that nothing can possibly be more helpful to owners of herds in Great Britain than a clear understanding of the methods pursued where the Jersey is at home. Although no attempt has been made to dwell on the fact, it will easily have been inferred that to the Jersey man his greatest treasure is his cow. She is to him what his horse is to the desert Arab. He looks to her to provide the main source of his income, and he has grown to regard her with a care that, without exaggeration, may be described as loving. It will be seen from the photographs that every possible precaution is taken against the animals catching cold, or suffering in any way when they are tethered. One of our pictures shows a cow with a cloak thrown over her, and that is typical of the treatment most in favour in Jersey. It scarcely needs saying that as much attention is paid to the cow indoors as without. The Jersey farmer is not, as a rule, a very rich man, and he does not indulge in fancy cow-houses and highly-expensive dairies, but he studies efficiency with a thoroughness that might be copied to great advantage in this country. The arrangement of the cow-house is as simple as it is admirable, consideration being paid to all that is requisite to make the home of the animal hygienic and comfortable. A moment's glance will show what is required. On entering a cow-house



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SURPRISE, A WINNER IN THE BUTTER TESTS.

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YEARLING HEIFER, BESSY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the first thing we like to ask ourselves is whether it is thoroughly aired and lighted. Ciose and dark dwellings have again and again been proved inimical to the health of cattle, and in the case of the Jersey there are particular reasons why it should have a maximum supply of fresh air. These points are admirably attended to in the light and spacious cow-houses belonging to the farm we have illustrated. The next point is to see that good arrangements have been made for clean and wholesome feeding with the smallest possible expenditure of labour. This is achieved by placing the stalls in two rows facing one another, with a gangway between. Thus a man passing down the gangway is able to feed the whole of the cows in a very short space of time out of his barrow or other vessel. They are so fastened that it is impossible for them to turn and soil the hay, which is placed in racks. The water is in tanks fed by a continuous supply, so that by turning on a tap the whole of the cows receive their due share. At the back a drain is placed which automatically carries off



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THE JERSEY MAN'S TREASURE.

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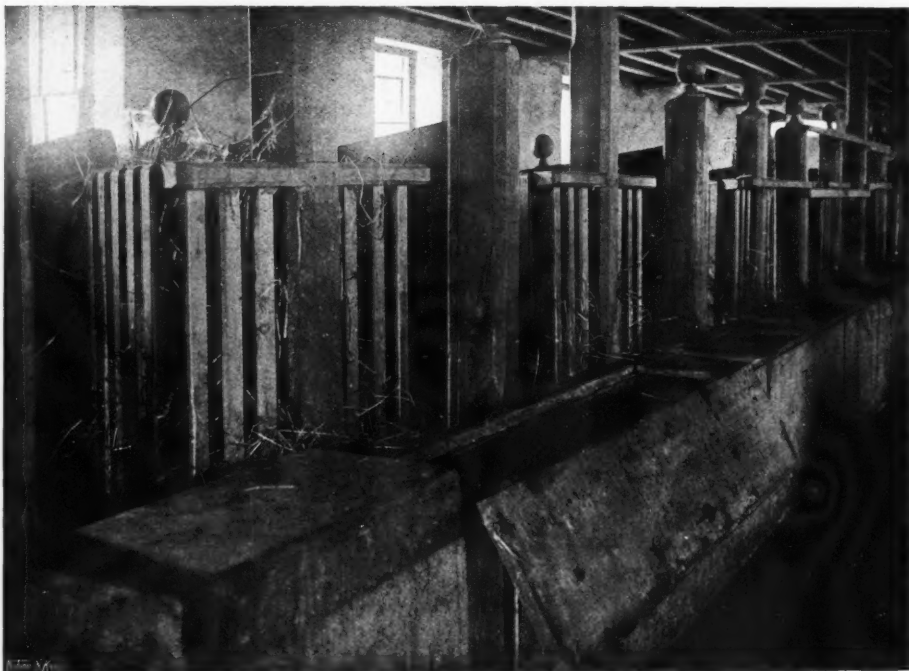


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CATTLE AT OAKLANDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

all liquid refuse, this being facilitated by the slope of the floor of the cow-house. On the whole, we are bound to come to the conclusion that the arrangements for housing the cows are most admirable in themselves, and that they have been carried out with an economy that leaves little or nothing to be desired. In regard to this point we may draw attention to an excellent system that has been adopted in Belgium for improving the hygienic conditions of cow-houses, stables, and piggeries. This is the establishment of a system of competition in which prizes are awarded for those buildings that are best kept and best managed. No doubt improvement would be still greater if more new houses were built; but little opportunity for this is afforded in Belgium, and the question resolves itself mainly into one of improving the old byres. The judges usually consist of an agricultural instructor, a veterinary surgeon, and a cattle-breeder. They visit the farms in May and autumn, and their methods of judging awards the largest number of points to cleanliness and ventilation, while the arrangement and situation of the buildings fall next in order of importance, then the flooring, method of treating



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THE COW STALLS.

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liquid manure, and lastly the ceiling. M. Hendrick, the Assistant State Agriculturist, reports that since the institution of these trials the byres have very considerably improved, especially in regard to ventilation, lighting, and general cleanliness. They used, in some districts, to be in a very deplorable condition, as, indeed, is the case in Great Britain just now. Now many of the sheds are said to be absolute models. Moreover, the competition seems to evoke a good deal of emulation among the farmers in the neighbourhood, and the example set is followed to some extent even by those who do not attempt to take prizes.

## THE BREEDING HAUNTS OF WILDFOWL.

TO the naturalist and to the sportsman alike the annual migration of British birds presents a most striking illustration of the exercise of that faculty or sense possessed by the animal creation which, for want of a better term, we have been content to nominate instinct. Migration, in some form or another, takes place during almost every month of the year, with the exception of that brief period when the vast majority of our feathered friends are occupied with rearing their broods. In former days, before the theory of migration had been grasped by the average man, strange fancies prevailed, and suggestions which now seem incredibly foolish were mooted in order to account for the sudden disappearance of many familiar birds from our shores. Gilbert White, towards the close of the eighteenth century, solemnly discusses the possibility of swallows hibernating "in some hiding-places" throughout the winter, and other fallacies regarding wildfowl, equally absurd, were accepted as incontrovertible facts by the fisher-folk of a former generation. The spring and autumn migrations of wildfowl possess an additional interest on account of the immense distances which are traversed by these species. The approach of winter marks their arrival on the coast-line, and the coming of spring their return to their breeding haunts in inland valleys, and to the cold Northern solitudes now gradually resuming their summer aspect. It is easy to understand the cause of the autumn migration, and we can imagine how the chill mantle of snow and ice suddenly descends upon the marshes and feeding-grounds of the fowl which dwell in the North. The sudden disappearance of many species in spring from our coast-line is stranger by far, and the continual persecution which they undergo at the hands of sportsmen will hardly serve to account for the fact that, of the vast number of geese which are seen in winter, none, with the solitary exception of the greylag, remains with us to breed. Generally speaking, wildfowling is prohibited by law long before the departure of the fowl, and they have every opportunity of selecting suitable nesting-places in our islands were it not that the strange, unaccountable instinct of migration draws them to the land of the midnight sun. It is a problem for future generations to solve.

The movements of those species of fowl which are resident in Britain are of equal interest, for it often happens that they also leave their winter feeding-grounds *en masse* with the return of spring. For present purposes it will be most convenient to divide the numerous species which are commonly called wildfowl into three classes—geese, ducks, and the waders, or shore-birds, which frequent the mudflats and the ooze. Of the former, as stated above, the greylag alone nests in the British Islands. In the Northern Highlands of Scotland, in Caithness, Sutherland, and Ross, in the lonely islets of the Hebrides—here alone is its nest to be found. In former days its breeding haunts were less restricted, and the Fenlands of the Southern Counties could boast of its presence; now these are drained, and the fowl have gone. Colonel Hawker and other authorities mention the semi-domesticated colony of greylags at Castle Coole in Ireland, where these birds continued to breed for many years. The species, however, is only a winter visitor to Ireland, and, owing to the ease with which the young can be reared from clutches of wild eggs, this cannot be considered a true breeding-place of our only resident goose.

On a lonely islet in the basin of a Highland loch, or, perchance, on the ledge of some rock hard by the water, in a tuft of heather, or in the rank grass which grows in marshy ground—in these varied situations the nest, lined with reeds, moss, and grass, is gradually filled with its full complement of five or six creamy-coloured eggs. As is the case with black game, the males pay little attention to their mates, gathering in small flocks on some neighbouring loch. The nest is all too easy to find, and the greylag, flushed by an exultant collector, too often returns to an empty home. In common with other species more or less rare, the numbers of home-bred geese decrease year by year as communication with remote districts becomes easier. Much could be done by proprietors to protect their eggs—the Wild Birds' Protection Acts give them ample opportunity.

In Russia and in Scandinavia the greylag breeds, in parts of Asia—in China and in India—generally frequenting the Temperate Zone and seldom penetrating to the Far North as do its congeners. It is doubtful whether we can attach much importance to the statements of Selby and Macgillivray as to the breeding of the bean and pink-footed geese in Scotland. In any case there could only have been isolated instances, and the birds probably accidental stragglers from the great flocks which leave us in the spring.

Scandinavia, Northern Russia, and Siberia are the breeding haunts of the Northern fowl. Here they find the peace and seclusion which their instinct leads them to prefer, and within the Arctic Circle the bean, pink footed, white-fronted Brent geese have their home. The breeding haunts of the Barnacle are unknown, and in North America the snow goose rears its young. During the latter part of the nineteenth century a decided increase in the numbers of home-bred wildfowl, probably due to the Wild Birds' Protection Acts, was noticed by many fowlers, both on inland waters and on the coast-line. This has been most evident in the case of the rarer species, especially the diving ducks. Of the surface-feeding ducks, mallard, teal, and widgeon are the three species with which we are most familiar; but, while the two first-named are essentially residents, the latter is, with few exceptions, purely a winter visitor to the British Islands.

Both mallard and teal nest freely in all suitable localities throughout the kingdom, and many of the inland marshes, especially in the Highlands, literally teem with these two species during the summer and autumn months. In spring they exhibit a marked preference for nesting on the open moorlands, generally close to some hill burn, or among the rank heather and rushes beside some tiny mountain tarn. The nest of the mallard is sometimes placed in a hollow tree, but usually in some tuft of herbage in the neighbourhood of water. As each egg is laid the nest is carefully hidden from view till the full clutch has been deposited. The female sits close, but is prone to desert if once driven from the nest. The drake is a most attentive husband, and tends his mate assiduously during incubation. When the broods are strong enough to travel, they generally leave the moorlands or uplands on which they have been reared, and are conducted by their parents down some brawling hill burn to the marshes, rivers, lakes, or shores which in future become their home. To some extent the teal follow the example of their larger cousins, and a large proportion make their way to the moorlands for nesting purposes. Teal, however, as might be expected, are more sensitive to cold than mallard, and in consequence nest at a lower level in a backward and stormy spring, choosing some tuft of rushes in the neighbourhood of marsh or mere. Their habits differ in many respects from those of the mallard, and I have noticed that a severe winter drives them from their inland haunts towards the coast-line long before the latter show any inclination to shift their quarters. There are many inland marshes in the Highlands which are never deserted by the mallard, even during the severest storms, although the teal take their departure at the first appearance of frost and snow, generally during the month of November. Towards the end of February they return, a few stragglers sometimes forming the vanguard of the main body, which travels inland in small flocks, or, as fowlers would say, in "bunches." Before the middle of March both teal and mallard have paired, though the eggs of the former are laid considerably later than those of the latter. Eight eggs are usually laid by each species, though the full clutch of both sometimes exceeds this number.

Sir R. Payne-Gallwey's observations on the pintail are of great interest to naturalists. He states that the pintail "occasionally nests in Ireland," and gives full details as to the localities in which he has seen the young.

In Norfolk and Suffolk the nest of the garganey may be seen, and the few pairs which remain to breed rear their young in safety owing to careful means taken to preserve them. This species is said to be on the increase, and has benefited, in common with many others, from the passing of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts. To Norfolk also belongs the credit of having afforded a secure breeding-place to the gadwall, shyest and wildest of British ducks. The tufted duck, scaup, pochard, and scoter are all resident in Britain, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether the golden-eye has ever remained with us to breed. Tufted duck and pochard evince a decided preference for inland waters, and the former is now very plentiful in many parts of the Highlands. Scaup and scoter, on the other hand, seldom depart from the seaboard, but are seen at times on some of the larger fresh-water lakes. The nest of the former has been found on Loch Leven, which is probably the most notable inland resort of wildfowl in Scotland. In the Northern Counties of Scotland, also in parts of Ireland, a few pairs of scoter remain to breed, but, as with the scaup, the vast majority take their departure in March and April. The nest of the tufted duck is placed in similar situations to that of the mallard, and, in the Highlands, is often situated in the heart of the mountains, close to some hill burn or in the marshes round some peaty tarn or hill loch. Here also we find the

goosander, which is gradually becoming more numerous in the Highlands, nesting with great regularity in the same spots year after year. The nest is situated in the most retired spots, on the ledge of a crag, generally in the seclusion of the deer forests, above a valley through which some great river takes its course.

One of the breeding haunts of this species is in the Forest of Gaick, where the Tromie rises in a small chain of mountain lochs. On the coast of the Northern Counties of Scotland its place is taken by the merganser, which generally nests closer to the sea than its relative.

## RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.

IN the fifteen years that have elapsed since its foundation, the Royal Horse Show at Richmond has established itself in the position of being regarded as the premier exhibition of light horses in Great Britain. Many things have contributed to this result. From the first it has enjoyed a conspicuous measure of Royal patronage and favour, notably from the late Duke and Duchess of Teck—the former was its first president. It is held in one of the most beautiful situations—the sports arena in Richmond Deer Park—in all England; but nothing has contributed so substantially to the success of the annual exhibition as the spirited and courteous management that has been bestowed upon it by the directors and executive committee. Nowadays, it is a well-established and popular feature of the fixtures of the week that precedes the great Ascot festival, when London is fullest and the season reaches its zenith.

Upon the exhibition itself nothing but the highest praise can be bestowed. The quality of the exhibits was, perhaps, never so high on any previous occasion, and it still has to be recorded that, so far as the enterprise and the efforts of horse-breeders and exhibitors enable us to judge, the popularity of automobilism has in no whit detracted from the favour of the horse for either riding or driving.

### HACKS.

The riding classes—hacks—were exhibited in magnificent condition, and this will probably come to be known among retailers of ring-side gossip, so far as this section is concerned, as "Mrs. Chapman's year," owing to the large number of valuable prizes she carried off at Richmond. Her well-known stud, now evidently at the very top of its form, was very numerously represented on the ground, and it seemed at times as though she could not fail to secure any award and its attendant guerdon she might aspire to. With Mr. Walter Winans she shared nearly all the honours for hacks. Her one conspicuous failure was to secure



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GONGELT, WINNER IN THE NOVICE HARNESS CLASS.

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the 50-guinea challenge cup, which fell to L'Etoile du Nord, Mr. Winans's magnificent gelding, which was the winner in the big class. Mr. Winans also exhibited the winner of the first prize for hacks under 15h. Mrs. Chapman's mare, Miss Trix, one of the most beautiful animals that have been seen for some time, was shown as a novice, and won over her stable companion, Forlorn Hope, who was second prize taker. Miss Trix was also the winner in the class for horses of 15h. 1in., once again defeating a member of the same stud, Marion, and set Mr. F. Vivian Gooch's bay gelding Beau Ideal a severe task to defeat her for the class prize and the 100-guinea challenge cup.

### HUNTERS.

The hunter classes aroused great admiration when they were seen. The novice entry was good, most of the well-known exhibitors being represented, as indeed they were in all the subsequent classes of the section. The Curate, shown by Mr. John Drage, was a good first prize winner. Mr. J. H. Stokes exhibited the second and third prize winners in Wrangler and Patrician. Another of Mr. Drage's horses, Henry, was the winner in the class for light-weight carriers, Wrangler being second. The Curate was awarded the special prize cup for the novice and other hunters beneath the grade of the champion class. The same horse also won class prize for horses of not less than 14st., but in the champion class, in which he was also entered, Nemesis overtook him in the shape of Whiskey, Mr. Stokes's great horse, last year's champion, as, indeed, he again proved himself this year. The Curate obtaining the reserve number, a splendid seven year old bay gelding that for the present, at any rate, seems to pursue an unchequerable career in the show-ring. The cup for hunter brood mares was awarded to Mr. F. B. Wilkinson for an unnamed animal.

### DRIVING CLASSES.

One of the features of present-day horse shows is the large and apparently still increasing number of lady competitors and lady drivers in the harness classes. The ladies were notably conspicuous at the show under notice, and their successes were commensurate with their numbers. Mr. Walter Winans's series of phenomenal successes will also be noted.



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THE CURATE, FIRST PRIZE HEAVY-WEIGHT HUNTER.

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## SHOOTING.

## THE HATCH OUT OF SCOTTISH GROUSE.

By CAPTAIN W. H. THOMASSON.

SOME notes respecting the Scotch grouse prospects for this season may be of interest now. It is, of course, too early to arrive at a correct forecast, but a few remarks as to what has happened up to the present may be useful. At the close of last season the Scotch grouse stock was far better and the birds were more healthy than has been the case for many years; the autumn was rather wet, but the early part of the winter was exceptionally favourable. The weather of the spring of this year was very severe, a series of storms and hard spells, and a long inclement spring broken by little patches of warm weather; but, on the whole, grouse suffered little. There has never been unbroken snow on the ground for any length of time (which is so fatal to grouse), stretches of bare heather on the wind-swept ridges were frequent, and the snow came late in the spring, when the sun had more power, and quickly melted it. On the moor the writer is best acquainted with, some of the grouse ground is at an altitude of between 2,000ft. and 3,000ft.; in many winters the birds leave this high ground, and for some months in the year there are no grouse on several thousand acres of it. This year, however, in spite of the storms, the grouse have never been driven down for more than two or three days at a time, and have made their way back readily.

The heather-burning period was unusually good, and probably more heather has been burnt in Scotland than in any other year for the last nine or ten years. Full advantage seems to have been taken of the favourable conditions. As regards nesting, the season is fully a fortnight (if not more) later than usual. But it is no worse for that. The birds themselves looked wonderfully healthy and in magnificent condition, every feather glossy and shining, as is always the case with really healthy birds. The nests were full and the eggs themselves a deep rich colour, which is always a marked characteristic of a good season. In some cases frost at night possibly spoilt some eggs; but it is rarely that grouse eggs suffer so much in this respect as many people think. The grouse is a careful bird, and when necessary covers her eggs up, which keeps frost off.

On May 16th a tremendous storm of rain came, which continued more or less for four days on the East and North of Scotland. The rainfall was far in excess of anything that has been experienced in May for a generation. In one way it was better that this rain came before any quantity of the birds were hatched. But the result was most disastrous, the grouse only being able to remain on their nests in great discomfort, and the nests themselves were wet and soaking. In some places the nests were washed away and the eggs carried some distance. In other places where the nests were in hollows the water had formed a puddle round the nests and the birds were driven off. Undoubtedly a very great deal of damage was done by these rains and many thousand eggs destroyed. The birds will have suffered some injury to their health, as some would persist in sitting on their eggs which they had had to abandon for some hours, with the result that there will be some birds in poor health in August. These will require most carefully shooting down out of the way.

With regard to the remaining nests (undoubtedly the great majority) the week beginning May 20th was rather wet, but not enough to do any serious harm. Grouse have hatched out very well indeed, and very few eggs have been left in the nests, except in the case of those nests referred to above. The more eggs there were in the nests the better they have come off. Nests of tens and nines have hatched off most successfully, leaving no

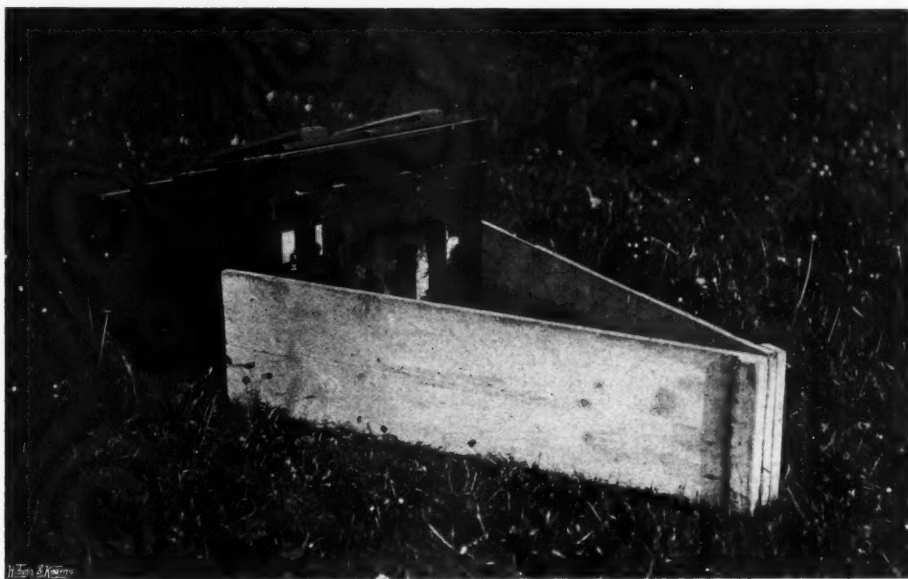
eggs in the nests. Others with fewer eggs have not hatched so well; but this is nearly always the case, as the eggs in large clutches are those of healthy birds, and those in small ones are often the eggs of the birds pricked in last year's shooting. The weather since May 27th has been exceedingly good, and everything has been going on capitally. The heather was very slow in making a start, and there would be probably very little heather for the first batch of young birds to feed on. This is always a rather serious matter, as they are unable to pull off the tough old heather shoots as readily as the new growth. Since then the heather has gone on well, and the conditions have been very favourable. I think, taking it on the whole, that though all hope of a record season must be abandoned (owing entirely to the rain of May), yet it will be a very good season, in spite of the setback; that is, of course, if things go on well, and there is no great quantity of cold rain the next few weeks.

## DIFFERENCES IN DATES OF NESTING.

THERE are some very curious anomalies about the dates of birds in nesting this year, in different localities. Thus it seems that the grouse of Perthshire and Forfarshire (the central Scottish grouse, so to say) are as much as a fortnight behind their normal time, whereas the English and Welsh grouse do not appear to be later than usual. The only part, in spite of much unfavourable weather generally, in which the grouse seem to have done badly is the South of Scotland. In Ireland the weather, in the West especially, was very bad in the early weeks, but later it became much more favourable, and the grouse hatched out well. It is rather singular that in the North, where the hatching of the grouse was so backward, the partridges, on the contrary, hatched out quite unusually early. Thus in Forfarshire, and not in the mildest part of the county, they are reported to have hatched as early as June 3rd, and probably some were earlier.

## RISK OF USING MAGAZINE RIFLES FOR DANGEROUS GAME.

Referring to some recent remarks in COUNTRY LIFE, and some recent correspondence quoted on the question of small-bore magazine rifles for big and dangerous game, another correspondent writes us a description of an accident which befel Mr. Vanderbyl during his last trip in Somaliland. Mr. Vanderbyl has had, perhaps, a more extensive experience of big-game shooting than any other man,



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COOP AND RUN FOR YOUNG PHEASANTS.

"C.L."

and the result of his recent accident is that he declares he will never again follow up dangerous game with a single-barrelled rifle. He had wounded a leopard, and as it was going away from him very quickly through the grass, and he wished to be lightly armed so as to follow it at good speed, he gave his comparatively heavy double-barrelled rifle to his Somali attendant, and went after the leopard with a 256 "Mannlicher." Before he thought that he had come up with the leopard, he suddenly saw it charging him. Wishing to make sure of killing the beast, he waited till it was within 5yds. before he fired, aiming at the chest. But the bullet went a trifle high, and instead of the chest, struck the mouth, luckily breaking one of the big canines. But it did not stop the charge, and before the Somali came up and drove the leopard off with the normal and splendid courage of the Somalis, the beast had mauled Mr. Vanderbyl so badly that he had to be carried back to the coast and was laid up for a long while. Had his bullet not broken the big tooth on one side the mauling would probably have been fatal. Of course, the obvious moral is the danger of using a single-barrelled rifle for dangerous game. Had Mr. Vanderbyl been using his double barrel he would have given the beast one shot at 15yds., and the second barrel at 5yds., and one or the other shot would almost certainly have been fatal. But with the magazine rifle he would not have had time, had he fired once at 15yds., or so, to recharge before the beast was on him, and, therefore, reserved his fire till he thought it would be most deadly, unluckily aiming just a little too high.

## LARGE PIKE ON TEST KILLED WITH RIFLE.

In connection with some recent notes on the shooting of pike, a correspondent writes to us that Mr. F. Ramsden has lately shot with a rifle a very large pike on the Test. We are told that it weighed 19lb., and if this is the true case, as we believe it to be, the fish must have been a monster for the Test, where the size of pike is not generally anything at all approaching this. Its death will save the lives of very many trout.

## UNIQUE SHOOTING SCHOOL CLUB.

There has just been opened at Uxendon, which it may possibly be well to explain lies in the Weald of Harrow, near to Wembley Park, a shooting-club school that is remarkable for its scheme, its surroundings, and its equipment. A beautiful old farmhouse has been obtained, decorated with great taste and skill, and furnished in a most charming and appropriate manner. The club stands in grounds thirty-seven acres in extent, and it is over these that the shooting instruction and the practice which the management provides is given amid beautiful surroundings, away from the roar of the streets yet easily accessible, being only some eight and a-half miles from the Marble Arch, with "Harrow-up-on-the-Hill" overlooking the terrain. The club, which has Lord Westbury for president, as well as an influential list of vice-presidents, has taken advantage of the exceptionally advantageous features of the grounds, which afford an undulating grass walk, with hedges to right and left. On either side of the "ride" reversible clay-bird traps have been ensconced, and unexpectedly as the sportsman proceeds these are released by a beater, the result being that every variety of unexpected shooting is obtained. Then, again, there is a high-land butt for sending off four clay birds at the same time at different angles; also driving butts—two at a distance of 20yds. apart. These have been designed so that two clay birds are sent from the far butt, and upon the first discharge of the gun two more are sent from the near butt to the shooter over the hedge, thus ensuring the proper speed, and the desirable height of all four birds, necessitating a quick change of guns in order to secure all four. It is not proposed to practise the shooting of live pigeons released from traps at the Uxendon Club School, but there has been erected in the grounds a tower 120ft. high, with platforms half and three-quarters of the way up, from which birds are loosed in order to afford practice at "rocketers." There is also a rifle butt, and plating targets for testing "loads," and adjoining the club-house there are roomy workshops, motor shelters, and other offices for the use of members and their servants. Skilled assistance for the alteration and adjustment of guns may always be obtained, as well as most capable instruction and coaching. An important and pleasing feature of the Uxendon Club is that ladies are eligible for membership, and that several have already joined.



Ward. THE BLACK GAME HYBRID. Copyright.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## BLACK GAME AND PHEASANT HYBRID.

SIR,—The above photograph is that of the hybrid black game and pheasant described in your columns on March 10th (page 327), and has been kindly sent by Mr. Rowland Ward for publication. The account of this bird, I may remark, has aroused considerable interest in hybrids of this particular cross, so much so that a number of cases of reputed hybrids of this kind are being unearthed. How many of these will stand the test of expert investigation remains to be seen.—W. P.

## ENGLISH SEALS.

MR. J. HARVEY BLOOM'S recent book, entitled "English Seals" (Methuen), fills up an empty niche in popular antiquarian literature. Hitherto anyone desirous of gaining information as to a particular seal that he might find attached to a charter or other piece of evidence in his possession knew not where to look to find any account of a comparative example, or to help him to decipher the legend. Even the experienced student had to search in half-a-dozen or more different works, and was then not infrequently at a loss in obtaining the knowledge that he sought. It was not that the story of English seals in their various relations to art, to heraldic and family history, or to the varying incidents of ecclesiastical and civil life had been overlooked by competent writers; but their essays were, for the most part, scattered among the proceedings of several score of learned national or provincial associations. But now, thanks to Mr. Bloom's careful and competent labours, these difficulties are removed. Mr. Bloom does well, in his introductory chapter, to caution his readers against a too explicit faith as to the testimony of early seals. A seal was a necessity to the completion of every transfer or agreement, but if a man had not his own seal in readiness, or, if he was in the rare position of not possessing one, it sometimes happened that he was permitted to use another seal. Thus, on a charter of acknowledgment that a certain chapel belonged to the Sarum prebend of Chardstock, early in the reign of Henry III., Philip de Erticumb, the chaplain, says: "Because I have no seal of my own, the abbot and convent of Milton have at my request lent me their seal, which I have affixed to the present writing."

The brief account of the different style of lettering used on seals at the various periods is clearly set forth and well illustrated, so that the approximate dating of seals becomes a comparatively easy task. Mr. Bloom divides his subject into chapters that deal respectively with Royal seals of dignity, commonly called Great Seals, privy seals of sovereigns and those of

Royal courts, seals of archbishops and bishops, equestrian and figure seals of the barons of the realm and their ladies, seals of the clergy beneath episcopal rank, seals of knights and squires, seals of private gentlemen and of merchants, seals of religious houses, seals of cathedrals and their chapters, seals of secular corporations, and seals of universities and other educational corporations. The appendices contain a variety of additional and technical information, such as the details of the exact inscriptions on all the Great Seals of England, and the charges borne in the arms of English dioceses and deaneries. This comprehensive book concludes with a brief glossary of particular terms and a full index.

One long chapter, "The Story of the Great Seal," is from the pen of the general editor of this series of "Antiquary's Books," the Rev. Dr. Cox. It is a readable account of the vicissitudes of the Great Seal and the narrative of its custody from the days of the Confessor to the present time. Strange, indeed, have been its experiences. When Richard I. left England for Palestine in 1291 he was accompanied by Roger Malus Catulus, or Malchien (a name that afterwards took the form of Machell), the Vice-Chancellor, as custodian of the seal. He was, unhappily, drowned in a shipwreck off Cyprus, for the Great Seal suspended round his neck prevented his reaching the shore. The dramatic flight by night on May 21st, 1642, by Lord-Keeper Littleton with the Great Seal, to convey it to King

Charles at York; the ceremonial breaking up of this seal on August 11th, 1646, by a smith at the bar of the House of Lords; the attempted stealing of the seal from Lord Chancellor Finch's house in Queen Street, where it lay under his pillow, in 1677; the dropping of the Great Seal into the Thames by James II. at three o'clock in the morning on December 11th, 1688, and its recovery by a fisherman a few days later; and the actual theft of the seal from the house of Lord Chancellor Thurlow in Great Ormond Street in the early hours of March 24th, 1784, are all set forth after a graphic fashion. A plate that illustrates this particular chapter gives an interesting representation of the handsome and enriched bag, or purse, now used by the Lord Chancellor to contain Edward VII.'s Great Seal. It may not be generally known that it has long been the custom for the Chancellor to have the perpetual custody of the seal, so that it accompanies him even if he goes out for a week-end visit. The breaking or defacing of a disused seal, which used to be so thoroughly carried out, has now become a mere formal act. The late Lord Chancellor is the possessor of two disused Great Seals. The fourth seal of Queen Victoria came into use in May, 1900, and the seal of his present Majesty in 1904. The defacement of the two last seals of Queen Victoria, now owned by Lord Halsbury, consisted simply, as we have been assured by one who has seen them, of a slight indent on the edge of the matrix.

The Great Seal of Edward VII. appears as the frontispiece to the volume. Mr. Bloom abstains from any decided comment on the designs and execution of either the obverse or the reverse. We hope it does not savour of disloyalty to express our own dissatisfaction. Apart from other faults, a truly dignified seal picture can never be obtained so long as the monarch is crowded out. On the arms of the throne of Edward VII. small figures of St. Michael and St. George are perched, while much larger emblematic figures of Britannia and Justice are introduced at the sides.

The remainder of the illustrations of various seals—upwards of ninety in number—are the work of Mrs. Constance Canning; they are reproductions from delicate and obviously faithful pencil drawings. They are occasionally somewhat blurred, but will be valued by the antiquary as being far more true than many of the clearer engravings or touched-up photographs so commonly used for work of this description.

Mr. Bloom, in his preface, invites corrections of misstatements. A careful reading has not enabled us to find anything that would fairly come under such a heading; but two or three points are, perhaps, worth considering if there should be any demand for another edition. For instance, it would be best, surely, to give translations of all or of none of the Latin legends. As it is, it looks as if English versions were given of the ordinary ones, and shirked where they were difficult. Thus on page 226 the reverse of the fine fifteenth century seal of Rye bears the well-known "Hail



Mary" set forth in Latin; in such a case it seems quite superfluous to give an English rendering, but it is supplied in brackets. In the next paragraph the seal of the neighbouring borough of Winchelsea is described; the legend,

relative to St. Thomas the Martyr, is not easy to translate, and no English version is attempted. Broadly speaking, it is a pleasure to thank Mr. Bloom for so timely and useful a volume.

## ON THE GREEN.

### THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

A GREAT deal always depends on the point of view. In the open championship which Braid, for the second time in succession, won so very finely last week, there is no doubt that he, personally, will think that the fact that he won it was the most important thing about the contest, as well as its most satisfactory feature. To a great many of us, being amateurs, the most satisfactory point will seem to be that the amateurs did so very well. When Mr. Graham jumped off, at the start, with his wonderful round of 71, and had a lead of so many strokes from all the most dangerous of the professionals, when Mr. Maxwell held second place to him, with one of the professionals equal at second best score, then it seemed as if the amateurs might look as high as the championship itself. But still, in spite of high hopes, I think our doubts were more powerful than the hopes; at heart we believed too much in the superior ability of the professionals to maintain a very high standard of play throughout the long ordeal of the seventy-two holes; and our doubts proved more justified than our hopes. But still the amateurs did finely. Mr. Graham and Mr. Maxwell—the latter always so very much at home at Muirfield—fought pluckily on. The former was almost bound to suffer a reaction from such a brilliant start, and his second round of 80 handicapped his chances of getting into the first place. His actual place of fourth, with only those three invincible great men, Braid, Vardon, and Taylor, ahead of him, was very good. Almost all the players seem to have failed a little (of course it was but a relative failure) in the fourth round. According to all accounts the day did not favour low scoring as much as the previous days. Braid was a very late starter, and it is likely enough that he had rather less wind to contend with than those who finished earlier. It is usual for the wind to fall light at that time of day, especially on the seaside and on the East Coast. But this does not imply that his win was in any degree due to fortune. He had, on the score, a good margin to spare, for a lead of four strokes is a very long one, even on seventy-two holes, in golf of this class. I had ventured to say, before the competition began, that if I had to pick any one man as the most likely winner I would pick Braid. He had been playing very well. He had won at Muirfield before, and Muirfield was, in my judgment, a course very well suited to him. He can suit himself to most courses, but some appear more adapted to the natural style of a player than others. Still, when Taylor put himself into first place by wonderful golf in the second half of his second round, and when he maintained that place in the third round, then I thought that there was one man far more likely to win than any other—Taylor. But he played not quite like himself, as it seems, in the first half of his last round, and gave a chance which Braid took in the most gallant way. At the beginning of the last round I should have taken Jones as second choice, for he has given indications in plenty of being able to play great golf, and had played great golf in the morning of the last day; but in the afternoon he must have played very small golf, relatively speaking. His 83, by way of a final effort, cannot have pleased him. It seems to me that only two men, of all the field, played really well on that final round. Toogood did a very fine 71,

equalling Mr. Graham's initial effort, but it did not avail him much, because his earlier rounds had not been quite good enough. And Braid, who must virtually have known what he had to beat, did a 73, which was all that was needed with several strokes to spare, and it would not be easy to exaggerate the merit of such a score done at such a time, no matter what wind may have been blowing, or may have ceased to blow. The average score in this round, of men who were playing well, but not brilliantly, seems to have been 78. This was Mr. Graham's score for the round, and Harry Vardon's. Taylor had 80; but for him this did not mean good golf; and Jones, whose previous round had promised him a much better place, lost ground heavily, with 83.

Nothing perhaps shows more clearly what a true test of golf four scoring rounds must provide than the fact that out of a field of between 100 and 200, and nearer the latter than the former century, the three men whom everybody would have picked as being likely to include the winner should have finished first, second, and third. Before the play began I suggested that the man who took these three for even money

against the field would have a good bet, although the field, at golf, is generally such a good horse. The event went very much according to expectation. In regard to what the amateurs were likely to do, my own opinion, and that of others, was rather falsified by Mr. C. K. Hutchison, whom we thought would be the most probable leader of the amateurs at the end of the four rounds. He did, indeed, qualify to play on the third day, but so far as the amateurs went it was an affair of Mr. Graham a good first, Mr. Maxwell a good second, and Mr. Whitecross, of whom we expect to hear a good deal more in the purely amateur contests, a fairly good third. Mr. Ball, Mr. Laidlay, and Mr. Watts all qualified, but none of them finished near the head of the list. Yet the work of Mr. Graham and Mr. Maxwell has gone a long way towards re-establishing the position of the best amateurs as compared with the best of the professionals. The amateur form, at least, shows a very vast improvement on what we saw in this competition last year.

Scotland has now the champions of both classes, amateur and professional. The amateur champion, Mr. Robb, took no part in the open event. It is of some interest to compare the winning score of Braid last week with his score in 1901, when he won his first championship on the same course. On that

occasion he won with 309; now he wins with 300. The course has not been appreciably altered in the interval, except that the first hole has been made a good deal fairer. We hear of Braid's first tee shot in the final round being pulled and jumping a bunker. Had he thus pulled it at the old first hole, probably he would have been out of bounds over the wall. Apart from that, the actual course is almost just as it was, and this year the play is with rubber-cored balls; in 1901, when the winning score of the same winner was nine strokes higher, "the globe as known to the ancients" of that day was of solid gutta-percha. Are we, then, to say that this is the difference made by the new ball—nine strokes in four rounds? A great many people will say so; but the truth is that the elements of the comparison are too many and too complicated for any such simple result to be deduced. The weather and the condition of the course



JAMES BRAID, THE CHAMPION.

may have been quite different in 1901. I do not pretend to remember about this. It is almost certain that the "rough" at the sides has grown rather less punishing, has been a little worked down by the golfer's boot and niblick. So perhaps the course is a little easier. But the putting greens must certainly have been tricky in their keenness, and the winning score was certainly a fine one. And as for the difference made by the new ball, it is certain that it has lifted the indifferent player into a higher class; but it is significant that the three men who stand at the head of the list this year are the three that would have been most likely to head it in 1901; so it clearly has not robbed their skill of its just reward. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### THE ANGLO-SCOT IN GOLF.

A SCOTTISH professional has won the open championship for the second time in succession, and the feeling of Scottish golfers will be one of natural jubilation that the blue ribands of the two great competitions of the year are held by players of Scottish birth. Mr. Robb, the amateur champion, is not only a Scot by birth, but his game is purely a native product, for, as far as I know, he has never been attached to an English club. Braid, on the other hand, is a player of renown, who justifiably comes within the definition of being an Anglo-Scot. That marvellous dexterity he at all times shows in the use of the cleek, the length of ball he can get with it, his recourse to it at odd moments, when nine out of every ten spectators in the crowd are quite certain that an error of judgment is being committed in not using the brassie or the play club, prove his lineal descent from the Rollands and the Simpsons who were his contemporaries as a youth at Elie and on the Bruntisfield links. But the golfing education of Braid, as one of the best professionals in the history of the game, has been acquired wholly in England—at Chiswick, at Romford, at Walton Heath, and a score of other greens round London. His *début* as a professional was first made in England fifteen or sixteen years ago, and his first serious match of any moment was when he played Taylor at Weybridge in the early nineties, and halved the match after a ding-dong struggle. Scottish golfers may extract, therefore, a certain amount of patriotic joy out of Braid's victory; but their gladness is bound, after all, to be tinged with the sorrowful reflection that the open champion is, from the golfing point of view, a resident professional in England, and mainly the outcome of English encouragement. The playing influence of Taylor and Vardon have even induced Braid to relinquish the old orthodox grip of the club with the hands separate, and to follow their lead by playing with the fingers interlocked.

For the competition the names of 157 professionals and twenty-six amateurs were entered. An examination of the list



TAYLOR ON THE THIRD GREEN AT MUIRFIELD.

of names gives the exclusively Scottish share of players as being thirty-seven professionals resident and playing in the country, and twelve amateurs. The remainder of the entries is made up either of Anglo-Scots (like Mr. John Graham of Hoylake) or of young professionals and amateurs southern by birth and training. Of the pure Scots who finished scoring in the fourth round there were but three—J. Kinnell, Prestwick St. Nicholas, who was eleventh, Archie Simpson, Aberdeen, and D. Grant, North Berwick. Of the Scottish amateurs, Mr. Robert Maxwell was seventh, eleven strokes behind Braid, Mr. Whitecross, Dirleton, and Mr. P. G. Mackenzie, Dirleton, making up a distinguished local trio. All the others who finished the fourth round were either Anglo-Scots, in the sense that Braid is an Anglo-Scot, or were young English professionals making the praiseworthy attempt to carve out a name in golfing history.

But what of the old schools of professional and amateur golf once upon a time linked with St. Andrews and Musselburgh and later with North Berwick? As a distinctive school of play Musselburgh, through social and economic changes, is as dead as the rose of last summer. Its brood of fine professional players has disappeared, its glories have faded, never in all probability to be revived. But as a leading playing centre of the country, St. Andrews is not yet extinct. Its old links have stamped a distinctive plying style on many generations of players; and one would really like to see its links made the nursery ground of a new class of professional, able to hold his own in all points of the game with, say, Taylor and Vardon. Of Anglo-Scots like Herd, Braid, and Jack White there are many in England among the professionals; but assuredly Scottish patriotic feeling cannot help being subdued in

its note when it is conscious that even for its professional international match it has to appeal for help to those who have journeyed South to take remunerative service under the "auld enemy" of the country. When will Scotland begin to incubate its own distinctive class of professionals, and encourage them helpfully to remain on their own links? The poor display of professional golfing talent in Scotland is due to the fact that no encouragement is offered by the clubs to sustain it. Two of the most powerful clubs in point of membership and wealth in the country—the Royal and Ancient and the Honourable Company—have no professional player attached to their organisations, whereas very small and even poor clubs in England make a little sacrifice to keep a good professional. If Scotland wants to keep her golfing renown she should trust less than is the fashion at present to the aid of the Anglo-Scot, for, after all, the Englishman's answer to a y cockahoop note that may be sounded about Braid's victory is, "Yes, he is a Scot true enough; but we have helped him to become the fine player he is, and not you." A. J. ROBERTSON.



MR. GRAHAM DRIVING FROM THE FOURTH TEE.